

THE EXPOSITORY TIMES.

Notes of Recent Exposition.

'THE supreme test of a religion is its power of producing saints.'

That is the saying of so accurate a scholar, so circumspect a writer, so unhesitating a Protestant, as the late Professor James Hope MOULTON. It is found at the beginning of the chapter on Parsi Piety in his book entitled *The Treasure of the Magi* (Milford; 8s. 6d. net). Dr. MOULTON wrote this book in India. He went there to spend a year in studying some of the problems of Indian education and religion. He hoped to make friendships with Indians, and at the same time to do some lecturing and writing.

He remained some sixteen months in India and sailed from Karachi by the S.S. *City of Paris* for England. At Port Said he had the joy of meeting his friend Dr. Rendel Harris, who had left England several months before in order to join Dr. MOULTON in India, but, having been torpedoed in the Mediterranean, had stayed on in Egypt instead of proceeding to India. The two friends sailed together and had a time of delightful intercourse until the steamer was sunk by a torpedo in the Gulf of Lions. Passengers and crew got into the boats. But the weather was very stormy, and the boat in which the two scholars were was driven out of its course and did not reach the coast of Corsica until four days

later. Of the twenty-five souls in the boat twelve had by that time died of exposure, and amongst them Dr. MOULTON.

He had been invited to go to India largely that he might use his ripe Iranian scholarship in lecturing to the Parsis on Zoroastrianism, and he received from that community everywhere proofs of the warmest possible friendship and regard and of the keenest interest in his teaching. In Bombay they placed at his disposal a large theatre, and have since published his lectures in both English and Gujarati. Before leaving India he completed the manuscript of this book. The original autograph lies at the bottom of the Mediterranean. But he had sent a copy in type-script to his brother in England. It is the last but one of Dr. MOULTON's writings that we shall see. There is yet to come the second volume of his Grammar of New Testament Greek, which he had completed before he went to India.

This book is an exposition of the religion of the Parsis. We speak of the Parsi religion as Zoroastrianism (at least when we speak of its founding) and we call its founder Zoroaster. Dr. MOULTON uses Zoroastrianism, but prefers to give the founder his own name Zarathushtra. It is the exposition of a man who had mastered at least three departments of knowledge, and with

a completeness of mastery to which few of us attain in one. But this was his earliest attraction, and it kept its hold most surely to the end. When the writer of these Notes met James Hope MOULTON for the first time, some five-and-twenty years ago, he was already absorbed in the study of Zarathushtra. He wrote the article on Zoroastrianism for the *DICTIONARY OF THE BIBLE*. And when the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF RELIGION AND ETHICS* was undertaken he drew up the whole scheme for the Persian religion and contributed some of the most important articles in it. This book has all the finish of his most finished work, it has all the charm of his most charming writing.

The chapter on Parsi Piety is its most critical chapter. It is the criticism of one who was on the outlook always for the best to be found in man or in religion. It is the criticism of one to whom the religion of the Parsis in particular made almost irresistible appeal. Yet in respect of personal piety Zoroastrianism is found wanting. It has had no power of producing saints. And if a religion cannot produce saints, 'the most splendid array of poetry and philosophy will not redeem it from an inexorable doom.'

But what are saints? 'It would be a bold thing,' says Dr. MOULTON, 'to attempt a definition. Beauty, poetry, love—all the greatest things of life refuse to be defined. But the Book which has made more saints than all other books put together has a summary which goes far towards the portraiture we seek: "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth Jehovah require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" (Mic 6⁸).'

Now it is not every man who would have quoted that text as the definition of a saint. The Roman Catholic would not have quoted it. The Evangelical would not have quoted it. There is too much of the flavour of 'good works' in it for the Evangelical. Dr. Moody Stuart used to tell the story of a Highland lady who waited till the

preacher from a neighbouring parish gave out his text, and when it proved to be these words from the prophet Micah, remarked that if there was an awkward text in the Bible that man was sure to find it.

If there is too much of the scent of good works in it for the Evangelical, there is too little of the demand for asceticism in it for the Roman Catholic. It is an awkward text for any one who has a narrower outlook, or let us rather say a dimmer insight, than Dr. MOULTON. He is satisfied with it as the definition of a saint because it is a definition of loyalty.

For loyalty is legality—with love in it. Matthew Arnold has told us that religion is morality touched by emotion. It depends upon the emotion. If the emotion is love, and if the love goes before the morality, finding its apology in 'I love because he first loved me,' then religion is morality—not touched by emotion, but brought into being by it. Dr. MOULTON finds that the saint is the loyal one, the man or the woman who loves and holds by the love through good report and through evil.

Now that is Evangelicalism. Good works? Certainly. But the outcome, not the origin. And that is Asceticism. Not the asceticism that suffers for the suffering's sake or for the sake of the merit thus built up, but the asceticism that suffers for Christ's sake, that His sufferings may be filled up and His Kingdom may come.

The Religion of the Parsis has no room for suffering in it. That is its one undeniable weakness. And that one weakness has condemned it to failure. For there is no doubt that Zoroastrianism has failed. To-day Gautama the Buddha claims thousands of followers for every follower that Zarathushtra has.

Why has Zoroastrianism no suffering in it? Because it has no love. Zarathushtra attained

to a doctrine of God that claimed and claims the awe, adoration, and obedience of men, but he was never able to say, 'God is love.' And because he never attained to the love of God, he could not inspire his followers with loyalty. 'No Elisha caught the great Prophet's mantle as he soared on the wings of fire to the House of Song; no gentle man of God remained to supplement the Elijah message of the One Deity, holy and righteous, with the gracious teaching that might win the hearts as well as the minds of men. Vishtaspa, Frashaoshtra, Jamaspa, and the rest were no doubt sincere and eager followers, but they did not supply the needed supplement to the message. The long roll of saints in the Farvardin Yasht, whose names are all we know of them—

the unknown good who rest
In God's still memory folded deep—

may well have included many a noble soul. But the possibility that there were mute, inglorious Zarathushtras *in posse* among them does not alter the fact that the religion bearing Zarathushtra's name has never received a fresh inspiration carrying it beyond the point at which the Founder left it.

There was no loyalty because there was no love. And because there was no loyalty there was no self-sacrifice. How different was the history of Israel. Amos came as another Zarathushtra, with 'a wonderful grip of the great principles of God's inflexible righteousness, His judgement against sin, and His promises to those who should turn and seek Him.' But implicit in the religion of Amos was the love of God. And so, when Hosea followed, there seemed to be nothing in God but infinite tenderness for humanity, and a love that was ready to forgive until seventy times seven. St. Paul entered into the inheritance. The love became loyalty and the loyalty sacrifice. St. Paul 'was no faqir, no pursuer of asceticism as a means of grace. But he did "one thing"; if anything else came in the way of it he threw it aside. Hence the passion so well expressed in his modern interpreter's words:

Yes, without cheer of sister or of daughter,
Yes, without stay of father or of son,
Lone on the land and homeless on the water
Pass I in patience till the work be done.

And the inspiration of that utter self-sacrifice has been an even greater power in Christianity than the living letters that teach us the doctrine Paul spent himself to proclaim.

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The Rev. J. VERNON BARTLET, D.D., Senior Tutor of Mansfield College, and the Rev. A. J. CARLYLE, D.Litt., Lecturer of University College, Oxford, have together written a History of the Development of Christianity. The title is *Christianity in History* (Macmillan; 12s. net).

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Their purpose is—but we had better use their own words. 'Ours is in fact an attempt to set forth the genesis and growth of certain of the more typical forms and phases which Christianity—whether as conduct, piety, thought, or organized Church life—has assumed under the conditioning influences first of the Roman Empire and then of the Western civilization that was its successor and heir. Thus, of books known to us, Professor Percy Gardner's *Growth of Christianity* is most akin to ours. Yet, apart from its larger scale, ours differs from his a good deal in scope and execution.'

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It differs also, they might have added, in attitude. But of that in a moment. The history of the Church is divided into five periods—the Beginnings, Ancient Christianity, the Middle Ages, the Great Transition, and the Modern Period. The proportion of space allowed to each period is strikingly different. The period entitled Ancient Christianity occupies nearly half the volume. How do the authors account for that? We should have suspected that one man had run away with his neighbour's share of space. But it is not so.

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'Doubtless,' they say, 'we have failed, time and again, to settle these questions of periods, proportionate fulness of treatment, inclusion and

omission of topics, in a fully satisfactory way. But we have been aware of them all along; and the actual shaping of the work is the result of a good deal of weighing of alternatives. The governing consideration has been the fact that we were looking at the whole development largely from the practical standpoint of the interests and problems present in men's minds to-day; and we gave the preference to what seemed of most value as data for forming a just judgment upon the general trend of things, as well as upon certain questions bearing on the true nature and genius of Christianity.'

Now it was the Catholicism which grew up under the conditions of the Roman Empire that determined the future. 'Its forms and their influence have persisted, without fundamental change, as the main intellectual factor in the general apprehension of Christianity down to the present day.' So they say, and we agree with them. It is true that the features of Early Christianity are more familiar to us than those of Mediæval or even Modern Christianity. But here also the child is father of the man. When we know the character—what we now call the genius—of Christianity, we can trace its growth throughout the ages simply by observing the unexpected and finding out the cause of its unexpectedness.

Two things are essential to success in so difficult an undertaking—good scholarship and a right attitude. These men are scholars. It means more than knowledge—judgment also, breadth of outlook, and the understanding heart. Have they the right attitude? Do they look at Christianity from without or from within? We shall see.

We shall see if we take the title 'Son of Man,' which Jesus used of Himself, and discover what they understand by it. Simple as it seems it is central. There is no test of a man's attitude to Christ or the religion of Christ that is half so searching as just this test—What does he think Jesus meant when He called Himself the Son of Man?

It was a Messianic title when Jesus came. That is to say, it had been read in the Book of Daniel, brooded over, and assigned to the promised Deliverer, the indefinite '*a* son of man' of the prophet being easily altered into the definite and sharply distinguishing '*the* Son of Man' of the apocalypses. Jesus did not take it in the sense of the Book of Daniel. His use was definite always. Did He take it in the current apocalyptic sense? He did not.

A single passage is sufficient to make that clear. He put a question to the disciples at Cæsarea Philippi: 'Who do men say that the Son of man is?' (Mt 16¹³). He clearly referred to Himself, and so did the disciples understand Him. But when Peter answered, 'Thou art the Messiah,' He was much moved, and said, 'Flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.' Now if He had used the title in the current sense there would have been no surprise at Peter's inspiration. The two words were in the common speech synonymous. The one stood for the other. And Peter would have done no more than simply identify Jesus as the Jewish Messiah. Such an identification would have been made not by inspiration but exactly by flesh and blood.

What then did Jesus mean when He called Himself the Son of Man? He meant that He was the Head of the Messianic kingdom divinely designated at His baptism, when the words were heard, 'This is my beloved Son.' He meant that He was there first of all as the representative of Israel, God's collective 'son' by election, and next as the representative of humanity. He meant that He stood in that perfectly filial relation to God which was the destiny of man as originally created 'in the image of God,' though it had been lost by Adam and never recovered until in His own experience and person. He meant that in His humanity He had a unique and archetypal relation to humanity at large.

Was Jesus justified in using the title 'Son of Man' in a sense which even His disciples could hardly understand? The answer is by another question. Was He justified in using parable at all? He had no desire to use it. We may be sure that if it had been possible He would have given everybody the opportunity of knowing the mysteries of the Kingdom. But then as always a man hears if he has ears to hear.

He was moved when at Cæsarea Philippi Peter discovered so much of the meaning of it. He was moved again, these scholars think, and yet more moved, when He Himself discovered what it was to lead Him to. How did He make the discovery? If He came to identify Himself with the Son of Man by reading the Book of Daniel, He may have come to see that the Son of Man must suffer many things by reading the Book of Isaiah. For before the hostility of the nation or of its rulers made itself manifest He was aware that the way He had to go in order to 'justify many' would lead Him through suffering and death, until at last He should see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

The new volume of *The East and the West* (S.P.G.), the volume for 1917, contains many good articles. One article, of interest now and of importance always, is 'A Lesson in the Progress of Ethics.' Its author is Miss Constance L. MAYNARD.

It is an article on Election—though Miss MAYNARD may be surprised to hear that. She herself would call it an article on Emancipation. And so it is. But the Election comes before the Emancipation, and remains after it. To look at it as Emancipation is to learn the lesson in the progress of Ethics which Miss MAYNARD teaches, and the lesson is right well worth learning. To look at it as Election is to stand beside the greatest teachers of the world and learn one of the greatest lessons that they have to teach us.

We ought to begin with the Election. It will be more convenient to begin with the Emancipation.

'Society,' says Miss MAYNARD, 'society in the ancient world was ruled by three great assertions or principles that were so closely interwoven with the fabric of human existence that not even the wisest men detected them as errors. Neither Plato nor Marcus Aurelius could lift himself above them and see their fundamental futility, and, though Buddha went nearer to the mark, he could not quite free himself from their entanglements. They were a part of the constitution of the world in which every one moved, and were to be accepted as such, just as we accept the facts of day and night, summer and winter.'

'The three principles were these: First, that one nation is more favoured than another, and is put forward, educated and honoured by Divine power, while other nations remain outside as barbarians and outcasts. Secondly, that one kind of man is inherently superior to another, and so may enslave his fellow-man and refuse him all rights. And thirdly, that the obvious and impassable distinction of sex, that chasm that divides the whole human race into two sorts, proclaims aloud that the woman is inferior to the man, and created for his convenience.'

Miss MAYNARD admits that in each of these assertions there is sufficient truth, not only to keep it alive century after century, but even, in the earlier stages, to help forward the progress of the world.

First, the favoured nation. 'It is far better that by some means a few men should be raised, than that all should live at one brutal dead level. The socialist may believe that by knocking the tops off the mountains he will elevate the vast dreary plain below; but the plan of the Divine Educator of the world has not run on these lines. Better one child taken out from a savage rabble, clothed and civilized, than none at all; better one

man called out of idolatry and separated from his fatherland, one little nation delivered from tyranny, educated with unswerving severity, yet shown glimpses of a glorious future to be gained by obedience; better for the whole world looking on that there should be this selective process, than that there should be no care taken to kindle and preserve the light of the knowledge of God, and show the powerful and noble effect such knowledge has on the human character.'

Next, the favoured man. 'We from our ethical heights condemn slavery as a system unmitigatedly bad, but there is a stage in development when it is better than nothing. The mass of the race have always been children, more ready to obey than to reason, and what plan shall we invent to raise them? Abraham's "three hundred and eighteen trained servants born in his own house" had a far superior education to that of the wild tribes who lived outside, and even the training given by the American plantation under its ordinary conditions was, though very rough, better than the stagnating masses of hopeless ignorance and brutality that are at the present day thrust out of sight here and there in the Southern States.'

Last of all, the favoured sex. 'Each question becomes more complex than the last, and we have to take care how we handle these matters. By the authority of Creation, one-half of the human race is told off to deal with the coming generation rather than the present one. The chief province of the woman is Immaturity. Birth, infancy, childhood, health, education, the initial sense of right and wrong, all are in her hands, and these are the constituents of the weal or woe of the immediate future. Passive and quiet occupations fall to her lot, making a strain on patience rather than on adventure, and in view of her obvious muscular inferiority it was no wonder that in rough old days the estimate formed was not a true one. The work of destruction is a sudden thing, whether in war, hunting, or felling trees, and makes demand on courage and inventiveness, but

the work of creation is slow and scarcely to be seen. So the woman became a possession of the man, doubtless his most precious possession, but still a thing rather than a person. The position was unavoidable so long as the eye of the world was not opened to a nobler standard, a region where muscular force goes for nothing, and even mental ability must take the second place.'

Well, the day came when the truth that each of these principles contained proved insufficient for its acceptance. It was discovered to be a lie, a downright lie, says Miss MAYNARD, a thing incredible and impossible. What was that day? It was the Day of Pentecost. When the Day of Pentecost was fully come, and a clear-seeing, plain-speaking man like St. Paul was ready to declare the results of it, he said, 'There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus.' Miss MAYNARD calls that St. Paul's sledge-hammer with its three crushing blows, one for each lie.

Did the three lies come to an end? Yes, they came to an end, but not all at once and not all together.

The separation of Jew from Gentile was broken down first. For St. Paul set himself to break it down, gave all his strength to it, and succeeded. 'The beatings, the stonings, the shipwrecks, the prisons, the contemptuous rejection of the learned few and the howling mob of the ignorant many, all are inwoven for ever into the history of the early Church. St. Paul dashed himself against the stone wall of prejudice, and was broken to pieces; but for all that he succeeded, succeeded through death, even as his Master had succeeded in a task infinitely harder. "There is neither Jew nor Gentile" is a principle established in Christendom; and never since in history (until we come to the Teuton of to-day) has a nation set itself up as the sole favourite of Heaven. It was a great deal to accomplish in the lifetime of one man.'

Slavery came to an end next. But not for a long time after St. Paul had finished his course. He did not give himself to the ending of Slavery. He accepted it as he found it. 'The incident of Philemon and Onesimus seems to be given us purposely in order to show his attitude towards this great question. There is the wealthy slave-owner, and St. Paul proposes to come and stay with him. The position and return of the runaway slave is explained with great courtesy, and a generous welcome is entreated for him, but there is not one word of indignation or suggestion that the whole system is wrong and unworthy, and that, as a member of the Christian Church, Philemon would do well to set his slaves free. For the bond-servant himself there was no difficulty, for he was in spirit "the Lord's free man," and that was quite enough (1 Co 7^{21, 22}). "Art thou called being a slave? care not for it," the position is not comfortable, but it will do as well as any other for this short life, and yet perhaps there is a cropping-up of the just instincts implanted in human nature in the words added at once, "but if thou mayst be made free, use it rather."'

But St. Paul had the spirit which brought Slavery to an end. He counted on Philemon having it. He sent Onesimus back with it. Every man upon whom the tongue as of fire descended through all the centuries had it. And at last, as the direct result of the Day of Pentecost—who will deny it?—On August 1, 1833, Britain washed her hands of the curse of slavery, and thirty years later America (whose temptation to uphold it was far greater) did the same. No one could return now on that barren and deteriorating system. The seed had been truly sown, and it had a life within it which, however long the pause, must finally appear in leafage, blossom, and fruit.

The third of the three great lies (we use Miss MAYNARD'S word) came to an end last. Its end, or at least the event that shows the end at hand,

is no doubt the prophetic occasion of Miss MAYNARD'S article. It is so recent an event as the passing of the Reform Act of 1918, with the political emancipation of women.

Did the emancipation of women take place on the Day of Pentecost? If St. Paul is the interpreter of the Day of Pentecost, it does not seem so. 'Neither male nor female,' he says; but what of the demands for silence and subjection, for keeping at home and not going from house to house? What of the details about having long hair and wearing veils, and all the restrictions that prevent women from sharing in the government of the Church?

Miss MAYNARD finds excuse for St. Paul. First she reads of 'the heights of the spiritual world as described in the Epistle to the Ephesians, a world where the writer's own soul soars at ease, and is happy as a lark invisible in the vault of cloudless blue.' She finds no distinction of sex there. And then she turns to the missionary world of to-day and sees that it would have been impossible for St. Paul to carry out his principle into action in every detail. For in the missionary world of to-day we have the 'same position, the same impact of the Gospel of Christ on the established customs of heathenism. Dare we infringe the rights of the Indian purdah, and declare the restriction to be harmful nonsense? Dare we tell the Chinese girl to leave her timidity and self-depreciation behind, and take her place with us? Dare we even tell the Kafir wife that it is a foolish rule that she may not enter the wide gate of the kraal enclosure, but must have a little side door of her own? The rules of modesty may be most fantastic, yet to begin with we must obey them, or we shall find that modesty itself is swept away, and that we have plunged ourselves into a sea of troubles.'

The emancipation had taken place, but, says Miss MAYNARD, 'we have to wait patiently on tradition and custom, while we set the right spirit

to work, and allow it gradually to discover its own forms of expression. Looking back, I imagine the women of Corinth were fully as difficult as any we have to do with. Luxurious, vain, idle, tale-bearing, a flimsy mass of rouge and paint and other falsities without, and an empty-headed chatter of prejudices and wanton desires within, such a woman was a heavy task to manage as a convert. Unaccustomed to go out in the street alone, she was now sent round on errands of mercy, and, with what doubtless appeared to her to be new and dazzling liberty in front, there was all the more need to emphasize the restraining customs of the past. I only wonder that, in the judgment of a man brought up among such customs, the new regulations are not more strict. The Greek was a talker if he was nothing else, and what the silly gossip of the women must have been when they got together passes thought. It is noticeable that while the Apostle's unsparing lash falls again and again on the varied sins of men, he hardly ever mentions women without in some way referring to sins of the tongue.

Now when Miss MAYNARD has ended her exposition of that great passage of St. Paul—'there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus'—she sees that there is a wider reference in it than she has taken account of, and the doctrine of Election, with its unquestionable truthfulness almost breaks upon her sight. She does see that the principles, which when they cease to be necessary she calls lies, are simply examples of God's method of working in the Earth. What she does not seem to see, or at least does not say, is that this is the one method of God's working of which we are absolutely certain, and that the name it is known by is Election.

We miss the meaning of Election by making it applicable only to individuals. It *is* applicable to individuals. Every society is made up of individuals. But in Scripture it is rarely applied

to the individual standing alone. 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.' Yes, but Jacob and Esau are the nations, not the men. Even when Jacob and Esau strove together in their mother's womb two nations were then at strife.

But if the doctrine of Election is misunderstood by applying it mainly to men, it is much more misunderstood by making it mainly a matter of privilege. Here indeed lies the heart of the horror which some men profess, and some men actually feel, regarding it. One man is taken and another left—for what end? For no end at all, we are told—simply taken and left. But we are never so told in the Bible. If any man or nation is taken for the enjoyment of some great honour—such honour as only God can take him for, such honour as is properly called Election, the choice of God from the foundation of the world—it is always because on that nation or that man is to fall responsibility. The responsibility is as great as the privilege. It is a responsibility which will cost all that the privilege confers. And the condemnation for failure to fulfil the responsibility will be severe according as the privilege is glorious.

The Election has a purpose to serve. Is it the Election of a nation? It is in order that through it other nations may be blessed. 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated'—we do not now misunderstand the Eastern form of speech. We know that its meaning is, Jacob have I chosen that Esau may be blessed in him. It is God's way of working. 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord'—could He not have said at the same time, 'Hear, O Edom'? We do not know what He could or can. We know that that is not His way.

Is it the election of one stratum of society? When all were slaves He chose one part of the nation to rule the other part. Was that for mere privilege and pride? Woe to the freemen who think so. They will suffer more than the slave. Is it the election of the male sex? Always the

situation is open to possibilities of utter misapprehension and unutterable mischief. But the evil is not in the election.

It is God's way. And we are not done with it yet. It is true that when the time has come, and the nations of the earth are able to receive the blessing, Israel sins grievously by attempting to withhold it. So the time came when there should be neither Jew nor Greek. The time came when there should be neither bond nor free. The time has come when there shall be neither male nor female. But that is not the end. It is God's way still.

There is an election to privilege and responsibility in the Kingdom of the Christ. It is the privilege of Saintship. It is the responsibility of finding other saints. Do not shrink from the election. And do not shrink from the responsibility of the election. The saint who does not accept the responsibility of finding other saints is not fulfilling the purpose of his high calling. And terrible is his condemnation. We read that story in St. Matthew's Gospel of the sheep and the goats—Mr. Emmet says it is the only portion of Scripture which he cannot make fit into his scheme of a universal return to God—for its words are: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into the eternal fire which is prepared for the devil and his angels,' and again, 'These shall go away into eternal punishment.'

But who are 'these'? They are not the sinners we sometimes think they are. They are the righteous. They are not the prodigals. They are the elder sons. Their fault, and their only fault, is that they did not go after the prodigals to bring them home. They may have kept the commandments amazingly well, but 'inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'

When will this election cease? Surely when all the saints of God have been gathered in. The responsibility cannot cease till then. And if that is not to be here, then it will have to be there. But we walk by faith.

And when this election comes to an end, when all the saints of the earth have been found and gathered to the feet of God, will God's method of election be brought to an end also? Our Lord seems to say so. 'Then cometh the end,' He says. But it may be that the end He speaks of is this particular end—the end of this particular purpose of God for men. After that may there not be a new election, the election of all men on behalf of those who are not men?

Is it a pure speculation? Well, it is a Pauline speculation. St. Paul saw that the whole creation was waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God. He did not mean that when the manifestation he looked for was accomplished the rest of the creation of God would mechanically share in the redemption. *That* is not God's way of working, and St. Paul never fancied that it was. It is not a pure speculation, and it need not be a profitless speculation if we believe that the race of man, its own emancipation over, is elected to a new responsibility—God saying to *Adam* now, not to Abraham, 'In thee and in thy seed shall all the families *in heaven* be blessed.'

All tended to mankind,

And, man produced, all has its end thus far:
But in completed man begins anew
A tendency to God. Prognostics told
Man's near approach; so in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types,
Of a dim splendour ever on before
In that eternal circle run by life.

Christianity and International Politics.

BY PROFESSOR THE REV. J. DICK FLEMING, D.D., MANITOBA COLLEGE, WINNIPEG.

WHILE the issues of the present world-conflict are still undecided, and all men are anxiously scanning the details of battle and diplomacy, it may be well worth our while to emphasize the real principle at stake and to gauge the future in the light of the vast moral gains already achieved. I propose here to show that the allied nations are fighting, not merely for national right and liberty, nor even for democratic institutions, but, above all, for the establishment of a true Internationalism—that long-neglected ideal of Christianity; and further, that this war, appalling as it is, has already forced this ideal into a prominence it has never hitherto attained.

In the religious history of the world there have been three well-marked stages—savage or Tribal Religion, civilized National Religion, and finally Universal or International Religion. And to these correspond the three stages of morals—Tribal morality, National morality, and International morality.

First, in primitive tribal religion, the gods are merely local spirits of capricious character, and morality is little more than tribal custom. The ideal of the tribesman is to serve his chief or his tribe; and since he sees nothing but hostile forces in the world outside, his rule of conduct is, Destroy or be destroyed. Do all the good you can to your tribesmen, and all the harm you can to others. Be loyal to your chief and your clan, and for their sakes hate, crush, kill, or enslave the men, women, and children of other clans. While there is a genuine morality in such principles, it is exceedingly limited in scope: the same ideal which calls for loyalty, love, and faithful service within the tribe authorizes equally the exhibition of the opposite qualities—disloyalty, malice, and treachery—to all outside the tribe.

Then came the nations with their national religions, and their national ideals of morality. Take, for example, the ancient Persian, the Greek, the Brahmanic, the Jewish, or the Mohammedan religion. In all of these national religion and political nationhood grew up together. Thus it was in the enthusiasm of their Brahmanic faith that the Punjaub tribes united for the conquest of India, and, spreading themselves over the lands of the Ganges, grew into a mighty nation. It was in the name of national religion that Saul and David

united the tribes of Israel, and made Jerusalem the political and religious centre of their people. So it was in the name of Islam brotherhood and of Allah, the one god, that the tribes of Arabia were brought together under Mahomet's sceptre, and developed a power that astonished the world. This development from tribal separateness to the larger unity of the nation carried necessarily with it the widening of the circle of moral obligation: the duties of brotherhood, faithfulness, and justice were now exercised on a much wider scale; and tribal morality gave place to national morality, tribal loyalty to national patriotism. A striking illustration of this development, and the new moral principle involved, is found in the teaching of the Greek philosopher Plato, when in his *Republic* he gives voice to the growing national sentiment of his country.¹ He pleads that the Greek states bear in mind that they have a common mother, the land of Greece, and observe the same religious rites; and that it is scandalous to treat any neighbouring Greek state after the manner of barbarians. When Greeks go to war with any barbarian people they may act without restraint, may devastate their land, burn their houses, and make them slaves. But when Greeks go to war with Greeks—that is not war properly speaking, but only civil discord, a conflict between natural friends. And in such conflict there must be neither wanton devastation of land nor destruction of houses, nor enslavement of captives; but as far as possible the single aim should be the punishment of the wrongdoers who originated the war. This protest of Plato illustrates the notable advance from local to the wider national morality, and it shows at the same time the inevitable limitations of a sentiment that is merely national. The virtues of local loyalty have now been widened into the larger patriotism. But beyond this wider circle of loyalties lies the still wider circle of relations to the rest of the world—to barbarians who have no rights and against whom all methods of war are justifiable. National morality retains, while reinterpreting, the old principle, Thou

¹ Cf. bk. v. chap. xvi. While possessing a national religion, Greece remained split up into little states, and never quite attained to political nationhood. Plato represents the wider ideal of the national consciousness.

shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy. Love your fellow-Greeks, but hate the barbarians; love your fellow-Jew, but hate all Gentiles; love your brother-Moslem, but hate the infidels who reject the faith of Mahomet. We know, how the principle was duly carried into practice. The Jew exterminated the Canaanite without pity; the Greek Alexander the Great made his tour of conquest in Asia; Rome sought her place in the sun, and enlarged successfully her national empire; while Islam later made almost world-wide conquest. Beyond the national borders no right or binding law was yet recognized; and thus the same people who could deal justly and generously with their fellow-countrymen could also without scruple deceive, rob, and murder those of other nationalities, and even feel that they were serving their gods in so doing.

Then came the third stage of religious history, in what is commonly called Universal or International religion. Of the religions that claim to be universal, one may safely say that Christianity is the only one that counts among the progressive peoples of to-day; for Christianity alone is positive and universal—positive, because it reaffirms the value of all home and tribal and patriotic loyalties, and yet universal, because its ideal is wide as humanity. Christianity was never a merely national religion; indeed, it was rejected from the first by the very nation from which it sprang. It distinctly set aside the old principle of national religion, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour and hate thine enemy'; it demanded from all men and on behalf of all men the exercise of justice, respect, faithful and helpful dealing. In Christianity the former limitation in the area of moral requirement has been absolutely removed; in Christ there is no distinction of Jew or Greek, barbarian, Scythian, slave, or freeman, for all human relations whatever are to be pervaded by His Spirit.

One cannot but ask why Christianity as an international ideal has done so little to realize its universal aim. Indeed, there are many who fail to see any progress at all, and who pessimistically conclude from the present aspect of the world that Christianity has failed—failed as an effective power in the life of nations. A little patient survey of past history will, I think, lead us to an opposite—and much more hopeful—conclusion.

Look back for a moment to the rise of the modern nations of Europe. With the dissolution

of the Roman Empire under the crushing invasions of the northern barbarians, the old civilization gradually crumbled to pieces. For centuries chaos and anarchy prevailed; learning and science disappeared. The world had practically to begin the civilizing process over again. From this welter of ignorance and anarchy sprang first the feudal system, based on a network of personal loyalties. These loyalties were so weakly co-ordinated that petty wars everywhere prevailed. From this again grew up, with a developing national sentiment, the system of the modern nations, which were able to maintain peace and enforce justice within their several borders. And all this time Christianity was like the leaven, working slowly but surely through the centuries, enlarging the individual's outlook, and widening the circle of his loyalties, until now the patriotic sentiment has practically absorbed all minor and local considerations. In other words, Christianity has been lifting men up from barbarism to the stage of conduct already described as an ideal by national religion, which demands within the nation the recognition of mutual rights and obligations, and the relegation of all differences between individuals to courts of justice. But now the further ideal is being forcibly presented to us by Christianity as an international religion, and the special task laid on Christendom to-day is to bring its international relations into harmony with the laws that govern *inner-national* relations. The issue before us is clear. The old principle that right is might within the state, and that might is right elsewhere, is challenged by Christianity, which calls us to respect the rights of man universally, and to serve our country within the limits of our service to humanity.

I wish now to show that the international ideal has made wonderful progress in modern times; and further that this terrible world-war opens up the prospect of realizing Christianity to a degree that was never before possible in the history of the world.

In the first place, there has been gradually developing in the last century and a half a new international conscience. In theory at least the modern world has set aside the old nationalist principle that law and morality hold good only in civil relations, and that beyond the bounds of the nation might is right. We know that might is not right; that rights and obligations are universal, and that every one is summoned to respect the rights of humanity whether within or without the circle of

his own nationality. What else was meant by the declaration of the American States that 'all men are born free and equal'? What else meant the strong assertion of the French Republic that the end of all national associations is to preserve 'the natural and imprescriptible rights of man'? For these were declared to be the rights, not of Americans or of Frenchmen merely, but of man universally! And while Great Britain has never passed through such a crisis that it needed to restate its principles, there is scarcely a man among the people of that great Empire who does not cordially respond to the same sentiments. Even Germany before the war was advancing to the recognition of the same universal principles. Its greatest poet, Goethe, had so little sympathy with a narrow nationalism that he regarded it as a mere remnant of barbarism, and declared that 'national hate is strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture.' And its greatest philosopher, Kant, has emphasized the rights of humanity and the duty of man to man. He even characterizes as a 'monster' the state which seeks to aggrandize itself at the expense of its neighbours, and in his essay on Peace presents the ideal of a free States-Union, a great republic of free united nations where all despotism will be overthrown, and a new era of justice and international peace will become possible.

Not only has Christianity found new expression for its ideal of international morality, but practical evidence is not lacking that the ideal was beginning to permeate the actual relations of the modern states. For one thing, the necessities of commerce and the enlarging opportunities of commerce were bringing the nations nearer; for commerce demands mutual trust. The Church has also achieved much by its active missionary efforts, by international religious conferences, and by generous aid given to the weaker communities of other lands. The alliance of the forces of Labour has also done much to bring the nations together, and to remove some of the false barriers of nationalism. And international diplomacy has gradually followed suit. The imminent danger of war has been averted once and again by international arbitration; and the Hague conferences have made a modest contribution to the same end by evolving a definite code of international law. All these signs gave good ground for the belief that the international morality demanded by an

international religion was making slow but comfortable progress.

Then—like a bolt from the blue—came this incredible war—devastating and withering the life of humanity. And as we follow with straining mind and quivering heart the outward stages of the awful conflict, it almost seems at times as though the age of barbarism had returned and the tide of human progress were set back for centuries. But several considerations lead to a more comforting conclusion, namely, that this wanton war which weighs as a nightmare on the heart of the world has forced the ideal of international morality to the front, and is thus accomplishing what might have taken centuries to accomplish by the slow processes of normal development.

In the first place, the Christian ideal has advanced immeasurably since the war began, and has triumphed to a degree that four years ago would not have been thought possible.

As General Smuts said in his London address, 'The battle-front is not merely in France and Flanders, not merely on sea and land: the true battle-front of this war is in the soul of the nations.' We live in two worlds—the world of ideas and the world of conduct; and we are fighting a double war—a war of ideals and a war of guns. Looking at the inner side of the war, we find two theories in conflict. One is the theory I have presented as that of Christianity, namely, that international morality and good faith are the only foundations of progress and peace. The other—call it Prussianism, Pan-Germanism, militarism, jingoism, or what you will—is the theory that in international relations there is no moral law but the law of the strongest, so that might is right, and treachery and fraud and frightfulness are necessary and justifiable. Now can we doubt as to which of these ideals has prevailed in the soul of the nations? Looked at from this point of view, Prussianism is already doomed: the war of ideals has been fought and won! Place these opposing ideals before the bar of the world's opinion to-day—the national ideal with its obverse counterpart of barbarism, cruelty, and frightfulness, and the international ideal which calls for justice and equity between state and state. Can we doubt that the emphatic judgment of mankind is to-day in favour of the universal ideal? One may fairly question whether even Germany is an exception. The rank scum of literature which to-day professes

to represent the German mind cannot be rightly so regarded; nor can any one who knows Germany and the Germans believe that the dominating sentiments of the militarist and imperial party have permanently obliterated the more Christian sentiments of the nation. These better elements have been meanwhile forced to silence—the press is gagged—the universities all but closed; but no one can believe that the better soul of the people is dead. It may burst its fetters soon: I can imagine that there will yet be an explosion in that country that will sweep away the Pan-German ideal, and the accursed rulers that have tried to impose it on the people. But without building any argument on such a desirable consummation, one may safely assert that the world as a whole was never so much in earnest as it is to-day in regard to international ideals. Previous to this war the world was only playing with practical international problems; and the Hague conferences were not sufficiently backed by public opinion and authority to accomplish more than pious resolutions. These resolutions were doubtless of value; for the nations engaged themselves, once they happened to be at war, to conduct the war like gentlemen and not like beasts. But they did not yield any means of dealing with a state which wantonly broke the international peace; and there was no established united authority to reduce such a lawless state to submission. Public opinion is now demanding, as never before, that some international federation or league be established, whereby lawless states may be brought to judgment, and not only pilloried at the bar of opinion, but punished by international power.

But there is another fact revealed in the present situation, and obvious to those who can read the signs of the times. Not only has the international ideal acquired new force in public opinion; not only is there such a demand for international federation that even the German authorities are constrained to pay it a professed homage; but the ideal is already being *realized in practice*.

How do we expect international federation to come into being? Surely not at a stroke of the pen by some magnanimous and unanimous agreement of all nations! There must be at least one preliminary stage, in which some of the more powerful states ally themselves with a view to establishing a world-wide federation, and band themselves meanwhile to propagate the ideal among

other nations and to defend it if necessary by force of arms. It must come partially into existence before it can hope to be completely realized.

Can any one fail to see that this first stage has been reached, and that this war, instigated by nationalist aspirations, has really brought internationalism into being? It has brought into existence what no Hague conference was able to achieve—the first powerful federation of nations for the vindication of justice between state and state, the first serious alliance for the maintenance of the rights and liberties of all states and the punishment of aggressors. Not only has the great majority of states joined this federation, but even those which have failed to join it remain neutral because of their political situation rather than because of indifference or hostility. And further, when we consider how the allied nations have pooled their resources in this conflict, as well as their aims and ideals, and with what marvellous unanimity they have sunk their separate interests for the sake of world-wide justice, we can no longer doubt that internationalism has taken one mighty step forward to its goal. It is only because our minds are intent on the backward and forward turn of events in this terrible war that we fail to see so clearly as we might that *international federation is actually in process of formation*.

This war, then, marks the beginning of a new era in the world's history. Its issues are no longer doubtful, though the measure of the success of the allied nations must still depend on the thoroughness of their preparations and the determination they put into the conflict.

As President Wilson says, 'We are at the beginning of an age when it will be insisted that the same standards of conduct and responsibility for wrong done shall be observed among Nations that are observed among Individual citizens.' This war is going to make an end of false and self-interested nationalism; it has done something already to transform the dreams of our seers and poets into reality—the dreams of international federation, international justice and peace.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

Literature.

PHILOSOPHY.

THE preacher had better not be a philosopher. But he had better know what philosophy is. How is he to know? A simple, safe, and sufficient way is by reading Professor J. S. Mackenzie's new book entitled *Elements of Constructive Philosophy* (Allen & Unwin; 12s. 6d. net).

It is simple. Professor Mackenzie has no love for the abstract or the abstruse, his love is all for clearness of thought and concreteness of language. If he does not deliberately discard metaphysical phraseology, it must be because he is not in the habit of using it. No doubt he is not quite so simple as he seems to be. For he knows that philosophy can never become a popular pastime. He even knows that he himself knows very little about the problems that it deals with. The simplicity of the superficial is none of his. He is simple because he lets us look straight into the blue, and does not fill the air with unconsumed smoke of his own.

The book is safe. What is that? That means scholarship. It is knowledge of what is unknown (as has already been said) as well as what is known. In particular it is accurate up-to-date knowledge of what is known. Professor Mackenzie is a thinker; he is also a reader. And if he has not fitted out his pages with imposing footnotes, he has verified his references all right. The book has cost him much that does not appear on the surface of it. Like Matthew Arnold, his grey hair is within.

The book is sufficient. In its less than five hundred pages is all that the educated man who is not a special student of philosophy—the preacher, say—needs to know or is likely to care to know. The arrangement is methodical; the style is crisp and conclusive.

And now, as example, take this on 'The Significance of the Individual Life.'—'The individual who recognizes himself as a member of such a spiritual unity has to be thought of in a somewhat different way from the individual who is simply conscious of himself as a member of a group or as a self-assertive personality. Plato's *Republic*, inspiring as in many respects it is, has the fatal defect that the individual citizens are regarded in it as little more than means to the life of the whole. Each

citizen is to have a special function in the life of the State, and is to be trained simply for the fulfilment of that function. When he is, for any considerable time, incapacitated for this, he is to be ruthlessly cast aside. He is a wheel in a great mechanism, and has no value, apart from that. This view is adopted by Plato in opposition to what he conceives as the democratic view, the view of Liberty and Equality—i.e. the view of individual self-assertion, limited only by the self-assertion of others. Against this assertion of individual rights, Plato urges that the only real right of the individual is his right to the position for which he is fitted in the life of the whole. What is *due* to him is simply his *duty*. He is entitled to secure the place in which he can exercise his special function to the best advantage, and to the education and instruments that are required for the proper discharge of that function. Similar views have been taken by more recent opponents of democracy, such as Carlyle and Ruskin; and perhaps the organization of modern Germany may be taken as the nearest approximation to the subordination of the individual to the life of the whole. Now, it may be conceded that the only right of the individual is to be allowed to perform his duty; but what Plato and others seem not to have sufficiently recognized is, that, in order to do his duty properly, he must be free to choose it and able to see that it is his duty. He must learn to realize, at least in some degree, that the life of the whole to which he belongs is his own life. In the case of the rulers Plato recognizes this; but not for the citizens in general. No doubt, even in our modern democracies, it is difficult to realize such an ideal, even in an approximate way. Perhaps it cannot be adequately realized without considerable modification in many of our institutions and modes of government. But it is at least more and more recognized that it is only by some tolerable realization of it that a properly human life can be secured.'

THE PEACE.

Mr. William Harbutt Dawson discusses *Problems of the Peace* with knowledge and courage (Allen & Unwin; 7s. 6d. net). Take the problem of Alsace-

Lorraine. He does not see how the whole double province can be restored to France, both because Germany would suffer economically so seriously, and also because the Alsace of to-day is so different from the Alsace of 1871. His conclusion is: 'Given her adversary's defeat, it will be for France to say the decisive word. Whether, in the event of that word implying the rejection of compromise on any terms, France will expect the armed guarantee of her present Allies in supporting it, how far such a guarantee could be given, and what would be the extent of the liabilities thereby involved—these are questions which it may well be premature to discuss, though it is not even now too soon to think about them.'

Again, on the question of the German colonies, he says: 'To withhold colonies from Germany, great as our resentment against her may be, would be a petty act of retaliation which might be pregnant with large and disastrous results. It would be to tell her that henceforth she cannot be allowed to colonize except by permission of Great Britain. That would be a declaration of war against the German nation and its national aspirations. Are we prepared to face the consequences, and is the gain to be derived from such an attitude worth the risk? On the other hand, a policy of moderation and conciliation upon this question would justify itself abundantly: the history of the relationships of the British race to other nations has proved this a hundred times in the past, and will prove it a hundred times in the future.'

There is much more in the book which will be quite unacceptable to the average Englishman and quite offensive to the militarist in our midst. But nothing is set down hastily or of partiality. And it is assuredly our bounden duty to look all round every one of the Problems of the Peace.

THE WORLD AS IMAGINATION.

The question is (not *Who*, because we must not postulate a God yet, but), What is it that has made the world? We may use the word 'made,' but we must not use it in the sense of created. What is at the back of it? as the American would say. Perhaps we had better speak as yet of the 'Ground' of the world.

'Now the Ground cannot, of course, be regarded as Will. Will is altogether too thin an abstraction, even were there not other and insuperable objec-

tions to this line of thinking. And there are those who may urge that it is idle to liken the Ground to any aspect of the processes of our psychical life. But if we are inclined to trace a resemblance between the Ground and human mentality, we shall do well, perhaps, to conceive the former as Imagination. For note that from Imagination it seems practicable to derive all appearances, while if you try to "deduce" anything (e.g. Krug's famous pen) effectively from Reason or Will, or from a unity of a Logical Idea and Will, and the like, you fail utterly. Thus when Schelling discussed Nature as unconscious "immature intelligence"—there being supposed a giant cosmic reason which lies petrified in objective being—he was on a wrong tack. For the processes, which are named, and too often hypostasised as "intelligence," imply a highly selective attention and are far removed from that concreteness which Nature presents. But if Nature be viewed as a phase of the ever-changing cosmic imagination—why, then, you have all its living detail, storm, and stir fully provided for! Real Nature is not the ridiculous phantom of "extensions," "resistances," and "energies" so dear to scientific fiction. It is not simple but indefinitely complex, and it is aglow with the so-called "secondary" qualities. We need to seek patiently for the secrets of the inmost shrine, but we are sure that Cosmic Imagination can house all possible detail however complex.'

So the existence of the world—its first start and all its steps of evolutionary progress until now—is due to the (or should we say *a*?) Cosmic Imagination. Mr. Edward Douglas Fawcett says so. His book is *The World as Imagination* (Macmillan; 15s. net), and an extremely clear, clever, and convincing book it is. Yes, convincing. For there is nothing to hinder you from calling the God you believe in 'Cosmic Imagination.' The title is as good as 'Omnipresent Will,' 'Omniscient Intellect,' or any similar phraseology. Mr. Fawcett himself is half inclined to call it God. 'Many men,' he says, 'would not regard the Cosmic Imagination as satisfying the heart's desire. And their point of view cannot be ignored by us. The C.I. is indispensable for *metaphysics*—agreed. It is the all-sufficient infinite ground of appearance and of all that therein is. But what these men want, for the purposes of religion, is not the all-inclusive infinite ground, but a limited Power supreme in their particular World-System; a Power very wise, very

beneficent, and very active that can be looked upon as their "Father in heaven." He is quite willing to give them that. And they may be content. As for himself, Mr. Fawcett wants a greater God, a God not of this world only but of the Universe. Let Him go find such a God. We are content with the God and Father and our Lord Jesus Christ, a God who has attributes we can appeal to. Perhaps when we pass out of 'this world-system' we shall discover that He is the God of the whole Universe. We believe that we shall.

Meantime it is satisfactory to see that Mr. Fawcett's ground is not indifferent to good and evil. There is a struggle and we must keep it up. 'The story of creation is not that of a magical production of perfection out of the void. *It is one of the slow overcoming of the "fundamental evil" of the Metaphysical Fall*; an evil which is to be altered, and altered as far on the way to perfection as conditions allow. On these lines we can understand why Nature may be at once unsatisfactory and yet the best possible Nature of its sort. Given the "fundamental evil," nothing better, perhaps, could have been accomplished than what actually has been done. Do you ask why the "fundamental evil" itself occurred? Our reply has been given in advance; but may be put in a new way. The very "evil," implied by the genesis of a plurality of sentient, will become a "good" in the Divine Event consummating the world-process. There is no way, save through initial conflicts, to perfection. If this be so, it remains for the creative process to turn the conflicts themselves to the best possible account. And this, so far as my poor judgment avails, is what comes to pass.'

CROCE.

The Italian philosopher Benedetto Croce is clearly a force to be reckoned with. He is a personality. His activity is tremendous. Philosophy is only a part of it. 'Literary criticism and general historical research seem to have drawn him to this field. The amount of editorial work he finds time to do is extraordinary, and bears witness to a mind overflowing with activity. He is editor of *La Critica*, a "Review of Literature, History, and Philosophy," published every two months, every number of which contains consider-

able contributions from his own pen. He has edited a series of translations into Italian of the classical authors of modern philosophy, and he has himself translated Hegel's *Encyclopaedia* for the series. He has also searched out and published and reanimated valuable works of authors and philosophers which had become buried in museums and public libraries. Notably he has revived the study of two great but neglected Italian philosophers, Giovanni Battista Vico (1668-1744) and the Neapolitan patriot and literary critic, Francesco de Sanctis (1817-83).'

He is a force to be reckoned with in this country. His works are being steadily translated into English, chiefly by Mr. Douglas Ainslie, and must be finding readers not a few. And now we have a competent account of *The Philosophy of Benedetto Croce*, by Dr. H. Wildon Carr (Macmillan; 7s. 6d. net). Croce's appeal is to a wider circle than the philosopher can generally reach, for it is his theory of art that has brought him most of his fame. 'More than any other of his doctrines it marks out an original direction. The theory has now taken a permanent place among rival theories of art, and is named in the text-books "The Expressionist Theory." Its characteristic doctrine is that beauty is expression.'

And he is especially a force to be reckoned with by the Church. For he does not believe in the Church. More than that he does not believe in theology. More than that he does not believe in religion. Why does he not believe in religion? Because religion as he understands it is a philosophy of history, and that is a 'false idea, involving a false concept of history and a false concept of philosophy. The fundamental idea which underlies it is that the course of secular events is not an intrinsic and objective development, but a development overruled by final causes, which are not immanent in the history but the manifestation of a mind transcending history. Philosophy of history is found in ancient as well as in modern philosophy, but in Christianity it became a perfected body of doctrine. Its purest philosophical form we find in St. Augustine, in the concept of the *Civitas Dei* struggling against *Civitas terrena* or *Civitas Diaboli*. The whole content of Christianity is a philosophy of history. The birth of Jesus Christ is for Christianity the central historical fact towards which all previous events from the creation of man are seen to converge, and from which all subsequent

events derive their only true meaning. And this Christian conception has dominated philosophy and identified itself with philosophy throughout the long period which divides the modern from the ancient thought.'

Dr. Carr thinks that the only answer is to be found in Christian mysticism—but he doubts if even that answer will stand.

So Croce has to be reckoned with.

KNOWLEDGE.

Mr. James Gibson, Professor of Logic and Philosophy in the University College of North Wales, and late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, has published a study of *Locke's Theory of Knowledge and its Historical Relations* (Cambridge: At the University Press; 10s. 6d. net). He is engaged, he tells us, on a new edition of the Essay, and this was meant to be its introduction. But its length and importance have induced him to issue the study of the Theory of Knowledge separately. Thus we may have the introduction without the edition. But this study will assure the acceptance of the edition.

It is a study of Locke's Theory of Knowledge; it is also a study of historical relations. That is to say, we study with the author the theory itself, and then we study the sources of the theory and its circumstances. The first part (the theory) is the more useful for the man who has to 'get up' Locke's Essay for examination. The second part (the historical connexion) is the most original and interesting. Very clearly does Professor Gibson summarize the theory, as a whole and in its parts; a single paragraph will prove it. But for the lover of Locke and of philosophy there is fine pasturing in the chapters which discover the relation of Locke to scholasticism, to Descartes, to contemporary English Philosophy, to Leibnitz, and to Kant.

This is the promised paragraph: 'We must turn, then, to the consideration of infinity in the only sense in which it can be exhibited as the content of a definite idea. Starting with the idea of a numerical unit, or with the idea of any finite distance in space, or period of duration, we can, as we have seen, "repeat" the idea, and produce the idea of a larger whole of the kind in question by "adding" these repetitions together. Now, not only is this process never brought to an end by

the intrinsic nature of that with which it deals, but however far it has been carried, one finds, "he has no more reason to stop, nor is one jot nearer the end of such addition than he was at first setting out." Further, we are not only unable to find, but we are unable to conceive such an end. We are thus led to form ideas of the number series, of space, and of duration, as endless or infinite. In the same way, if, instead of "repeating" and "adding" our units, we regard our initial quantities as divisible into parts, we are led to recognise that the process of mentally dividing a given extension or duration is also one to which there can be no limit. We thus form an idea of the infinite divisibility of space and duration.'

THE MIDDLE AGES.

How many gifts and graces must the man possess who writes a book on *Religious Thought and Heresy in the Middle Ages* (Scott; 21s. net)? The Rev. F. W. Bussell, D.D., Fellow and sometime Vice-Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford, has them all. And the book which he has written—an octavo of 880 pages—is a product of learning, discernment, perseverance, and faith, of which he may justly be proud. It would have been easy enough to write even as large a work as this, if it had been reckoned enough to collect books and copy them. Dr. Bussell has read widely, of course—for his survey takes in Hindustan and the Religions of Further Asia, Islam, Greek Thought and Chaldeism, the Nearer East and Christianity—but he seems to have incorporated nothing into his book of all his reading without making it his own, giving it the stamp of his own mind and his own felicity of expression.

The book is much occupied with heresy. Let those who have studied the sects and heresies of even one of the great religions answer: Did you ever find any study more trying to the temper? Dr. Bussell works his way unruffled through the sects of every one of the great religions, and that, too, in the Middle Ages, when they were so many.

Moreover, there are perpetually recurring problems of philosophy to deal with. There also Dr. Bussell is at home. Let us see what he says, for example, about the great nominalism *versus* realism controversy. 'This subject,' he says, 'demands the closest attention not because of its verbal dialectic but for its underlying meaning.'

The *realist* is the extreme authoritarian who can only conceive the *whole* as prior to the *part*, *State* to *citizen*, and *Church* to *believer*. The *nominalist* is anxious to justify and account for the severally existing instances of a type. Pushed by the needs of controversy and inexorable logic he will insist that the *part* is of course prior to the *whole*, which comes only gradually into being (like the "heap" in *sorites*), built up slowly by the aggregation of atoms one by one: at what exact point it becomes a mystical unity rather than a mere "group-name" it is not easy to decide. It is again the assent of the concourse of citizens that gives State and officials their corporate capacity. There is no "divine right" to start with, in an *individual* or a *collective* centre; but the members of a community "pool" their fragments of natural right or actual power and so create an artificial and resolvable State by "social contract." Once again (say the nominalists) it is the holiness of believers that makes a church holy; it is holy only by the actual sum of their collective holiness: it is not the church that makes the members holy.¹ What is the aim of the Christian message? to establish a church or a visible kingdom of God because of the intrinsic value and beauty of such a type or species? or to meet the needs of individuals and bring redemption and salvation within their reach? In the end we shall see that the "Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath." It was the *nominalist* principle that at last won the day; and it is not without suggestiveness that Alliacus and Gerson, the mystics, hold this doctrine and prefer the *part* to the *whole*.'

There is a footnote: ¹ 'On this distinction perhaps the whole of Church History will be found to turn: St. Paul (Eph. iv. 16) has a very peculiar sentence which might well form the *nominalist* text: "The whole body, fitly joined together and compacted by that which *every joint* supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase." But even this passage, and many others in St. Paul, bears no less witness to the *realist* argument.'

It is a remarkable book. The days of the great treatises are not over. It will live.

WESSEL GANSFORT.

Ullmann gives the first place in his history of the Reformers who went before the Reformation

to Wessel Gansfort. And Ullmann's *Reformers before the Reformation* was translated into English. There are also articles in English in the Schaff-Herzog and Catholic Encyclopædias. After that you must come to two handsome volumes, just published, which contain a well-written biography and a translation of the three most important of Wessel's extant writings. The title is *Wessel Gansfort: Life and Writings* by Edward Waite Miller, D.D. Principal Works translated by Jared Waterbury Scudder, M.A. (Putnams; 16s. net).

Wessel Gansfort came from Groningen, in the Netherlands. He was educated at Zwolle, Cologne, Louvain, and Paris. He taught at Paris and Heidelberg. He returned to Groningen to write the books which have survived and to die.

His mind was moulded by the Brethren of the Common Life, and by Thomas à Kempis. 'Thomas had himself been brought up in a school of the Brethren at Deventer; he had deeply imbibed their principles of devotion, and had become skilled in the transcription of the Bible and other books of religion.' Later he had entered the Augustinian monastery at Mount Saint Agnes, where he took priestly orders, and was made canon. He had come to distinction as a writer and as a man of unusual wisdom and piety, and his counsel was much sought by young men outside his order. It was not strange that a serious youth such as Wessel should have sought the acquaintance and instruction of Thomas, especially as his monastery was less than two miles from Zwolle, and that something like friendship should have grown up between this saint of sixty years and this eager student of twenty. And Wessel had some influence on Thomas.' As a consequence of Wessel's expressed dissent from certain statements in *The Imitation of Christ*, which to his more practical and critical mind seemed objectionable, Thomas so revised them that the book when published showed 'fewer traces of human superstition.'

When Wessel went to Paris—the greatest theological school in the world—the controversy was at its keenest between the Realists and the Nominalists. 'It was more than an academic contention, it had important practical bearing in the realm of dogmatics; just as the evolutionary hypothesis, which relates primarily to biology, has profoundly affected the theological thinking

of our generation. The doctrines most involved in the scholastic controversy were those relating to Anthropology and to the Nature of God. If the Realists were right, and the thing that we call "Man" has distinct existence apart from men, then we can reason about the effect of Man's Fall in Eden, and frame a doctrine of original sin, and the conditions of its remedy. But if the term refers only to a mental concept and not to an objective reality, then the doctrine of original sin hinted by Paul and elaborated by Augustine loses its philosophical support. And so with the doctrine of the Trinity. The Realists affirmed that the basal, the generic idea was that of Deity, in which the three persons participate as concrete expressions, individualizations of Deity. The Nominalists declared that this destroyed the distinct personality of Father and Son and Spirit, and was no better than Sabellianism. But the Realists replied that if there was no reality corresponding to the term, Deity, then the divine persons had no adequate ground of unity, and the result was practical Tritheism. A like antinomy arose in the doctrine of the Divine Attributes. When, for example, the Realist affirmed the objective existence of divine justice, the Nominalist replied that that was to separate God from His own attributes. But to the Nominalist contention that one should speak, not of the justice of God, but only of a just God, and a wise God, and so forth, the Realist objected that that was to imply as many Gods as there were divine qualities, which was nothing less than Polytheism.' Wessel went to Paris a Realist, he left it a convinced Nominalist.

He left Paris in the suite of Pope Sixtus iv. And when Sixtus asked what favour could be conferred upon him, 'I beg you,' said Wessel, 'to give me a Greek and a Hebrew Bible from the Vatican library.' 'These shall be given to you,' said Sixtus. 'But, you foolish man, why do you not ask for a bishopric or something similar!' Wessel answered: 'Because I do not need it.'

He died on October 4, 1489.

All the writings of Wessel that survive were apparently the product of his last years. One volume of 921 pages, published at Groningen in 1614, contains them all. It has seven divisions, as follows: 1. Concerning Prayer, with an Exposition of the Lord's Prayer. 2. Scala Meditationis, or the Training of Thought and Meditation. 3. Examples of the above dedicated to the monks

of Mount Saint Agnes. 4. The Causes of the Incarnation, and the Magnitude of the Sufferings of our Lord. 5. The Sacrament of the Eucharist. 6. The Farrago, which has six sections or chapters. 7. The Letters. In this work we have an English translation of the Letters, the Treatise on the Eucharist, and the Farrago.

It is the Farrago that is likely to keep the name of Wessel Gansfort longest alive. It is a miscellany in which the author discusses Providence, the Incarnation and Passion, the Church, the Sacrament of Penance, the Communion of Saints, and Purgatory. As a specimen of his writing and the translation let us quote this passage from the section on the Providence of God. Its title is 'How Works of Art may be invested with Life.'

'In order that any artistic production may truly live, *i.e.* may properly represent vivifying art, it must be made the subject of reflection. For unless one discovers what the artist purposes to portray, the work of art is inert and dead. If an ape should happen to enter the workshop of a woodcarver, the axe, the pick, the plane, the saw, the hammer, the joint, the rule, the compasses would all be fruitless, barren, empty, and therefore dead things to him. And they would be equally so to a man of inert mind. In order to understand and enjoy what the workman purposed, one must give his work due reflection. Now the whole creation from its highest point to its lowest is the work of divine art. This is evident from the systematic and complete order that prevails in it, causing philosophers to observe that all things have been arranged in related forms (*species*) just as is the case with numbers. And a man is dull in so far as he does not perceive the purpose of the Supreme Artist in the world about him. Hence to a wise man the whole creation is an expression of the Divine Artist, demanding reflection, just as to an intelligent observer works of art are the expression of artists, requiring reflection. If, therefore, the inspection of a work of art does not reveal its purpose, it will not present a complete and inner image of itself, or reveal itself perfectly; hence it will not fully express its meaning.'

This work is published as the first and second Special Volumes in the Papers of the American Society of Church History. We congratulate the Society of Church History.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN FICTION.

Miss Dorothy Scarborough, Ph.D., Instructor in English in Extension, Columbia University, has made an extensive study of *The Supernatural in Modern English Fiction*; and under that title she has issued a large volume containing her conclusions (Putnams; \$2.00). The number of novels which Dr. Scarborough has read is astounding. Has she read them for the fun of the thing or solely for this serious study? We do hope she found pleasure in her pursuit, for the profit of it is small. No doubt it had to be done; everything has to be done in the search for truth; and when a thing is ripe for the doing, it ought to be done thoroughly. But the writers of modern fiction have no sufficient sense of what the supernatural is to make a study of their work on it really profitable. For the most part they have only the humorous tolerance for it of the average ante-war, well-fed English citizen. The ghost story is its representative. At the best they use its crudities (and then the more crude the better) for the purpose of a sensation when the ordinary story-telling has become stale on their hands. A few have the horror-provoking gift, but even they, and the cleverest of them, seem to be harmless practitioners beside their great example, Edgar Allan Poe.

So it has not been a profitable pursuit. We are no wiser at the end. We have no more belief in the supernatural and we have no less. We simply learn the titles of a great multitude of modern novels, and marvel exceedingly that out of so many not one novel has risen above the commonplace, not one novelist has had a vision of the eternal and the true.

What is it that hinders the novelist from handling religion—supernatural religion—with power? The poet can do it. The greatest poetry of all is supernatural poetry—Dante, Milton, Shakespeare. And even so very modern a poet as Browning makes his most vivid and lasting impression by those poems or passages in which he has the vision of the unseen. Nay, we can say with some confidence that the best poetry of our day is supernatural—Francis Thompson, Katharine Tynan, John Masefield. But the fiction? Well, this service at least Dr. Dorothy Scarborough has done us: she has warned us that if we give much time to the reading of Modern English Fiction, we

are labouring in vain and spending our intellectual strength for nought.

The Dawn of Mind is the title of a book by Margaret Drummond, M.A., Lecturer on Psychology in the Edinburgh Provincial Training College (Arnold; 3s. 6d. net). Who could write a dull book on the subject? Not Margaret Drummond. She has written a delightful book. Its examples are fresh and as funny as ever. And her ideas are as fresh, though not so funny, as her examples. She handles wisely that difficult and absurdly neglected subject the child's imagination. She concludes, also wisely, that its value in education depends on the food it is fed on. 'Of a little new-comer to one of the Edinburgh Free Kindergartens, the Kindergarten writes, "She is underfed and underclothed. Her favourite occupation is to play being 'junt'-(drunk); which she does with horrible realism.'"

Mr. Henry Maudsley, M.D., who was born in 1835, is still writing books. And his latest deals with Religion! Who is left now untouched by the war to this fine issue? There are many things in the book about morality. There are essays on Truth, Vanity, Virtue, and even English Style. But there is religion also. The title is no misnomer: *Religion and Realities* (Bale; 3s. 6d. net). It is true that Dr. Maudsley is not sure of much in religion yet. He is not sure if the prophets, for example, prophesied what they knew or only what they surmised, as they prophesied of the time when the lion should lie down with the lamb. But in some measure even Dr. Maudsley has at last 'got religion.'

To the 'Peeps at Many Lands' Series, the Rev. James Baikie, F.R.A.S., has added a volume on *Ancient Rome* (A. & C. Black; 2s. 6d. net). Its first attraction is the numerous illustrations it possesses, coloured and uncoloured, all well chosen and authentic. The reading follows at once, for Mr. Baikie can write for young people.

The Oxford Edition of *The Table Talk and Omnia of Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (Milford; 2s. 6d. net) is distinguished from other editions by the combination of correctness, convenience,

and cheapness, as well as by a prefatory note on Coleridge as a talker, by Coventry Patmore.

The Rev. H. T. Knight, M.A., has resolved that he at least will do what in him lies to make ready for demobilization. He edits a series of books with the title of 'The Church's Message for the Coming Time.' One of the series, written by the Rev. N. E. Egerton Swann, B.A., deals with *The Hebrew Prophets and the Church* (Milford; 2s. net; paper covers, 1s. 3d. net). Our chief aim must be adaptation; this book shows us the way. The new time is not going to cast away the Old Testament; but it is going to read the Old Testament with new eyes. And when 'adapted,' as Mr. Swann adapts it, how pertinent is the message of the prophets to the social problems of our day, how searching even for the heart and conscience of employers and employed.

The Herbert Spencer Lecturer for last year was Dr. Emile Boutroux. He delivered his lecture at Oxford in October. It is now published with the title *The Relation between Thought and Action from the German and from the Classical Point of View* (Oxford: At the Clarendon Press; 2s. net). It will be quoted by the future commentator on Hamlet—perhaps some day even by the laborious German commentator—and this paragraph will not be missed: 'Neither Thought, nor Action, nor Feeling can be held self-sufficient or absolutely pre-eminent within the human soul. As the development of Thought and Action implies the intervention of Feeling, so Feeling itself develops, grows higher, nobler, more definite, rich and spiritual, under the influence of Action and Thought. In an ideal life, Thought, Action, and Feeling would be at the same time first principles all three, yet each of them yielding to the penetration of the others. So that their relation would be one of reciprocity and harmony, not of lineal derivation one from the other.'

The critical attitude to the Book of Daniel is taken and admirably defended by the Rev. Edwyn B. Hooper, M.A., in a book entitled *Daniel and the Maccabees* (C. W. Daniel; 2s. net). There is no better brief introduction in English.

A pretty little book of *Prayers* is issued by Messrs. Gowans & Gray. The initials on the

title page are J. R. C. Will Dr. J. Robertson Cameron pardon us for writing the name in full? For the Prayers are worthy—war prayers with the sorrow very near, but always a sorrow that is already turned into joy. This is the doing of true faith in God, and it is wondrous in our eyes.

A selection has been made from John Wilhelm Rowntree's 'Essays and Addresses,' and has been published under the title of *Man's Relation to God* (Headley; 1s. 6d. net). Dr. Rufus M. Jones has written an Introduction to the book, and S. Elizabeth Robson has added a biography by recasting and combining the two short biographies already issued. It is more than another book. It is the offering of the hand of a most helpful, original, and loyal friend.

How it strikes a stranger may be seen by reading Enrique Gomez Carrillo's book *In the Heart of the Tragedy* (Hodder & Stoughton; 2s. 6d. net). He awakes every morning to some new surprise at the British soldier. And not only does he tell good stories about him, he also draws an amusing character sketch of him.

He says: 'As with individuals, so with peoples—virtues are ineradicable. The English of to-day, as far as fair play is concerned, are the equals of the English of yesterday. It matters little that the enemy shows himself unworthy of such courtly treatment. An officer to whom I was speaking about the German atrocities, a little while ago, answered me: "What would you have us do? If the niggers in Central Africa were to eat a soldier whom they had captured, we should not therefore eat niggers who fall into our power!"'

Again he says: 'A French peasant who offered us a drink of cyder in a village of Picardy gave us perhaps the most graphic illustration of the change worked in Franco-British relations by the war: "Those men who seemed far-off to us once," he said, "seem now to be our sons." And he added that the stern enthusiasm with which those same men defended French villages and rivalled French "poilus" in ardour brought tears to his eyes. . . .'

Mr. Matthew Page Andrews, M.A., has written a *Brief History of the United States* (Lippincott; 4s. 6d. net) for the use of schools. And a fine example it is of the school book now written to

make everything interesting for the pupil, with its picturesque style, its telling incidents, its magnificence of map and illustration. Give them the chance and the children will read it in the play-hour. Is it not come at a good time? We must see to it now that our schools teach the history of the United States before that of some European countries that we know.

Here is a book on *Church Advertising, its Why and How* (Lippincott; 4s. 6d. net). It is edited by Mr. W. B. Ashley, who is described as 'Executive Secretary, Church Advertising and Publicity Departmental.' It is contributed to by twenty men, most if not all of them ministers. Its sole purpose is to encourage you to advertise your church and to tell you how to do it. If you do not understand the writing or are not sufficiently impressed by it, there are drawings—arresting enough and unmistakable. The time seems to be coming when churches will have their advertising agent as the periodicals have, and the best agent will produce the best-filled church and receive the best salary.

A committee appointed by the Diocesan Council of the National Mission of Repentance and Hope invited men who knew to write down what were the chief issues, national and social, of this time. Their replies have been edited by the Rev. E. A. Wesley and the Rev. J. R. Darbyshire—thoroughly, even drastically edited, no overlapping or looseness being left—and the result is a sane, searching, yet hopeful book, easily read, and well worth reading, entitled *Social Problems and Christian Ideals* (Longmans; 3s. net).

The Rev. R. Martin Pope, M.A., has written *An Introduction to Early Church History* (Macmillan; 4s. net). There is no man we know (now that Gwatkin has left us) better fitted for the duty. Mr. Pope has the scholarship, the personality, the style, the love of Christ and of the Body of Christ—all the necessary gifts for the historian of the Church. Gwatkin's two-volume book is unsurpassable. After Gwatkin this short history of the first three centuries for us.

Paul's Joy in Christ (Revell; \$1.25 net) is the title which Professor A. T. Robertson of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary has given

to an exposition of the Epistle to the Philippians. It is emphatically an exposition, not exegesis merely and not homiletic, and it is based on a minute (grammarian's) examination of the text. Notice, for example, the steady reference to the papyri in the footnotes. Thus on Ph 1⁵ we are told that the word for fellowship or partnership is used in the papyri of the marriage contract as well as of commercial partnership—a life partnership. Notice also the unfailing reference to other expositors, the briefest possible reference, but always clear and to the point. Here are Kennedy, Vincent, Lightfoot, Lipsius, and Deissmann on one page. But Dr. Robertson has no difficulty in carrying all this learning.

In the Incarnation Jessie Douglas Montgomery finds the solution of the perplexities of life and the encouragement to its right living. Her title is *The Incarnation: Its Message for Daily Life* (Scott; 1s. net).

Simple in language, clear in thought, and steadfast to the theology of the New Testament are the Sermons for the Church's Year which have been published by the Rev. William Henry Ranken, M.A., under the title of *Faith and Duty* (Scott; 2s. 6d. net).

An account of the York Diocesan Itinerant Mission of the year 1916 is given by the Rev. C. C. Bell, M.A., under the title of *By Two and Two* (S.P.C.K.; 1s. 6d. net).

Somebody whose initials are A. H. heard 'Father Christopher' preach, and long after wrote down the addresses from memory. The result is a book with the title *The Sins of Religious People* (S.P.C.K.; 2s. 6d. net). What a list it is! And what a pertinent, even penetrating, word Father Christopher has upon every one of them. No doubt we know already that these things we ought not to do, but we forget. Let us be reminded by the reading of this book.

The Rev. Clement F. Rogers, M.A., is a Hyde Park speaker on behalf of the Christian Evidence Society. Having spoken, he invites questions, and answers them 'as shortly and as well as I can.'

He has now published a bookful of the questions

and his answers, and the range of the one is not less than the effectiveness of the other. Take this—

‘Did you, before you became a theologian, study humanity, and come to the conclusion that Christianity was the only suitable explanation of it?’

‘A rather personal question, but I don’t know that that matters. I began as a child, as we all do, by believing what I was taught. Then when I got older I began to think for myself, and everything went into the melting-pot. Not all at once, of course, but bit by bit, and it came out again not quite the same, but much more real. I felt sufficiently sure of my position to think I ought to work for ordination, and began to study theology for my degree, and at once realised how much stronger the Christian position was than I had in the least realised. And I think my experience was much the same as that of the majority of men who become parsons.’

The title is *Question Time in Hyde Park* (S.P.C.K.; 6d. net).

The readers of Mr. Harry Emerson Fosdick’s little book on Prayer will all be readers, as soon as they hear of it, of his new book on *The Challenge of the Present Crisis* (Student Christian Movement; 1s. 6d.). And then they will look for another. For this book also is the close walk with God interpreted and addressed to a world at war.

Mr. Ernest A. Boyd has written a very entertaining volume of Irish essays on Irish men. Its title is *Appreciations and Depreciations* (Dublin: Talbot Press; 3s. 6d. net). It is a courageous title, for it is characteristic. The book is actually partly appreciative and partly depreciative; and the amusing thing is that the appreciations are of the authors who are Roman Catholic, the depreciations of the authors who are not. Mr. Boyd is sorry for the Episcopalian Edward Dowden; he is very nearly contemptuous of the Presbyterian Bernard Shaw; his ideal of author and Irishman is George W. Russell (Æ). But the good time is coming, when a Dowden, even a Shaw, will be recognized as a true Irishman. It is within sight. Mr. Boyd himself hails it. ‘In fine, Dowden’s was that false position to which so many Irishmen are condemned, owing to the peculiar constitution of Irish society. The

process of denationalisation has failed, but there has long been a minority clinging tenaciously to the illusion of anglicisation. Nowadays nationalism has taken on an easier manner, and there is an increasing tendency to dissociate a sense of Irish nationality from those horrors with which Dowden, as a Protestant Unionist, identified it. This mellowing influence, which allows many to admire what older generations despised and misunderstood, is due, in some measure, to the work of the Literary Revival. Since the birth of an Anglo-Irish literature national in spirit, the conception of Irish nationality has widened. The aggressive, anti-English note disappeared when W. B. Yeats and his friends succeeded in overthrowing the supremacy of the *Spirit of the Nation* school of poetry, and in substituting artistic and cultural for political values. They raised the literary level to a plane upon which even the hypercritical could breathe, while the revelation of Celtic legend and the reaffirmation of tradition defied the accusation of provincialism.’

A remarkable outcome of the war is the interest of everybody in religion. It is not in Christianity yet, but it will come to that. The surprise is that while the enemy cries out ‘Where is now thy God?’ the hitherto outsider and even easy unbeliever has discovered Him. ‘Rita’ (Mrs. Desmond Humphreys) has been moved to write a book about religion—a movement of price. She is no orthodox theologian; she is not even unmistakably a follower of Christ; she has scarcely gone further yet than ‘God and Man’; with the ‘problems.’ She even calls her book *The Wrong End of Religion* (Westall; 2s. 6d. net). But the fact that she should set aside other fascinations for this, the deepest fascination now of all, is both surprising and promising. We could find fault with the book—how easily! We accept it thankfully.

Read this characteristic paragraph on the Gospels: ‘They have existed from the first Christian era down to the present day. They are rooted and grounded in men’s minds as the basis of Christian faith. They have served as the chief corner-stone of that great structure the Church, and the fact that they can be misunderstood and misapplied, juggled with or accepted literally, only makes them the greater wonder. For they depend upon words, the meaning and interpretation of

words, the right translation of words, and they have given to certain forms of words a peculiar importance which places the Christian believer in a more imposing position than the Christian doubter. They have proved and continue to prove that perfectly irreconcilable facts may

become accepted tenets of Faith. They have at once provoked and defied criticism. They can mean anything that the Salvation Army or the Vatican chooses them to mean; and they are at once condemnation or consolation to the generality of mankind!

Irenæus and the Fourth Gospel.

BY THE REV. H. A. A. KENNEDY, D.D., D.Sc., PROFESSOR OF EXEGETICAL THEOLOGY,
NEW COLLEGE, EDINBURGH.

IV.

WHY, then, is the testimony of Irenæus so vehemently challenged by a large number of modern scholars? The question as to its relation to the *internal* evidence of the Fourth Gospel is one which I do not propose to deal with in the present discussion. In the region of external evidence, with which alone we are concerned, the crux of the difficulty is found by these scholars in certain statements of Papias.

I. There is, first, the famous passage examined above, in which he is supposed to distinguish between John, the member of the Twelve, and another John called 'the elder' and 'the disciple of the Lord.' We have already noted the extreme obscurity of the statement so far as the two mentions of 'John' are concerned. But upon its basis the assumption is made that Irenæus must have confused John the apostle with John the presbyter. This, of course, also involves a complete misunderstanding of what he had heard from Polycarp, to whom he specially refers his information regarding John. The argument is backed up by an attempt to show that Irenæus was a credulous, unreliable man, of singularly inaccurate memory. The proofs of this seem extraordinarily inadequate. Great stress is laid upon the position he takes against Ptolemæus, mainly based on Jn 8⁵⁷ and some testimonies of elders, that Jesus was more than forty years old at the time of His crucifixion. It may be frankly admitted that here he has forced facts to fit a theory which helps his argument. But in a question so obscure as the chronology of Jesus' career, his own unwarranted inference or that of the elders to whom he refers is in no sense an error so grave as to cast suspicion

on the historical statements he ordinarily makes. Nor is it fair to single out one or two eschatological fancies as evidence for the worthlessness of Irenæus' sources and his own uncritical temper. As we have seen, these seem to have been derived from Papias' *Expositions*, and the very scholars who emphasize their absurdity are found, in other connexions, to stake everything on Papias' authority. As a matter of fact, the impression left on the reader by a perusal of Irenæus' great work is anything but that of a facile or second-rate understanding. His arguments against the Valentinian Gnostics are alert and penetrating (*e.g.* his examination of the doctrine of *Æons*). Like his contemporaries, he often employs the allegorical method, but he is, on the whole, alive to the historical sense of Scripture, as contrasted with his Gnostic opponents. And his well-known conception of the 'recapitulation' of the race in Christ is one of the most impressive doctrinal formulations in early Patristic theology. Moreover, it is of great importance to observe that Irenæus, in speaking of his intimate relations with Polycarp, his chief authority for traditions regarding John, deliberately emphasizes the clearness with which the statements of Polycarp concerning the famous 'disciple of the Lord' stand out in his memory.

But, further, abundant evidence has been adduced to show that Papias was not the sole standard for early apostolic tradition. Polycarp and Polycrates we have dealt with at length. And many unnamed and unknown Christians must have linked the close of the first century to the middle of the second. It is easy to cast doubt on the accuracy of Irenæus' or any other man's

memory in points of detail. But when it is a question of the actual relation of a famous Church-leader to the Founder of Christianity in a society which treasured up the traditions of the past, we must be unusually sure of our ground before we bring dogmatic charges of inaccuracy against those who stood in the main current of the life of the Church.

II. The second decisive reason for distrusting the evidence of Irenæus is found in a further alleged statement of Papias, which does not appear in any early writer, but in one MS. of the Chronicle of the monk, Georgios Hamartolos, belonging to the ninth century A.D.¹ The whole paragraph must be quoted, which is very seldom done in discussions of the subject. 'After Domitian, Nerva ruled for one year, and he summoned back John from the island [Patmos] and sent him away to dwell at Ephesus. There he alone surviving of the twelve disciples and having composed his gospel was deemed worthy of martyrdom. For Papias the bishop of Hierapolis, who was an eye-witness of John, says in the second book of the Oracles of the Lord that he was killed by the Jews (ὑπὸ Ἰουδαίων ἀνηρέθη), plainly, along with his brother, fulfilling Christ's prediction concerning them. . . . For the Lord had said to them: "Can you drink the cup which I drink?" And they eagerly assented and agreed. "My cup," he says, "ye shall drink, and be baptized with the baptism wherewith I am baptized." And naturally this was so, for it is impossible for God to lie. So also the learned Origen in his interpretation of Matthew has asserted that John was a martyr (μεμαρτύρηκεν), indicating that he had learnt this from the successors of the apostles. Moreover, the erudite Eusebius in his Church History (iii. 1) says: "Thomas had Parthia as his sphere, but John Asia, where he dwelt, and died at Ephesus."'

When we examine the reference to 'the learned Origen,' we find the following (*In Matth.* iii. p. 719 ff. ed. Delarue): 'The sons of Zebedee have drunk the cup and were baptized with the baptism, for Herod killed James the brother of John with the sword, while the Roman emperor, as the tradition shows, condemned John to the isle of Patmos, bearing testimony (μαρτυροῦντα) on account of the word of truth.' The statement of Georgios shows much confusion, and precisely the kind of confusion which appears in many of the later

ecclesiastical writers. On the one hand, he agrees with the universal tradition of the early Church that John the son of Zebedee outlived his fellow-apostles and died in Ephesus at the close of the first century, and that he was the author of the Fourth Gospel. He refers, moreover, to the authority of Eusebius for John's death at Ephesus. On the other hand, he reports a statement of Papias in his second book that James and John were killed by the Jews, their martyrdom being the necessary fulfilment of Jesus' words to them as found in the Synoptics. This statement he intends to corroborate by an appeal to Origen, but he entirely mistook Origen's meaning by giving an erroneous interpretation to the participle μαρτυροῦντα, which, in this passage, has no reference to martyrdom in the literal sense but means 'bearing testimony' to Christ and suffering for it, according to the use of μαρτυρεῖν and μαρτυρία so common in the Apócalypse (e.g. 12.⁹ 12¹⁷ 20⁴ etc.). The very same mistake seems to occur in a chronicler of the sixth or seventh century, John Malalas, who, in the face of all earlier tradition, makes the martyrdom of Ignatius occur at Antioch, taking μαρτυρεῖν, which he had probably found in some earlier authority, in the sense of literal martyrdom (see Lightfoot, *op. cit.* pp. 79-81). We may connect with this more flexible use of μαρτυρεῖν, μαρτυρία and μάρτυς in the early days (cf. Ac 23¹¹, He 12, etc.), Polycrates' description of John, already noted, as μάρτυς καὶ διδάσκαλος. For, as Zahn instructively shows, if he had meant to use μάρτυς in John's case literally, as he does in the case of Polycarp, Thrasea, and Sagaris in the same paragraph, he would, as in their case, have placed the term last in his description (*Einleitung*, ii. p. 465).

If we assign any value to this report of Georgios (which Zahn regards as an interpolation in this particular MS., Cod. Coislinianus 305), his meaning can only be that the Apostle John in extreme old age was put to death either directly or indirectly by Jews at Ephesus. In that case, his martyrdom has no bearing on John's relation to the Gospel, for Georgios assumes his authorship.

The same statement occurs in a late collection of extracts (seventh or eighth century) based on the History of Philip of Sidê, a sixth-century writer. 'Papias,' he observes, 'in his second book says that John the Divine (ὁ θεολόγος) and James his brother were killed by the Jews' (ὑπὸ Ἰουδαίων ἀνηρέθησαν). It seems more than probable, even

¹ The other MSS. have: ἐν εἰρήνῃ ἀνεπαύσατο.

apart from the noteworthy fact that the very same Greek phrase occurs in both places (*ὑπὸ Ἰουδαίων ἀναιρεθῆναι*),—a most unlikely coincidence—that the one writer copied the other. From all we hear of Philip, in historians like Socrates and Photius, Neander's estimate of another fragment of his History, pronounced long before De Boor discovered our passage, seems completely justified: 'The known untrustworthiness of this author; the discrepancy between his statements and other more authentic reports: and the suspicious conditions in which the fragment has come down to us, render his details unworthy of confidence.' Thus, in the brief sentence quoted above, he makes Papias call John *ὁ θεολόγος*, a title not ascribed to the apostle before the fourth century.

But even if this statement were found in any writer in whose veracity we could believe, a supreme difficulty confronts it. Both Irenæus and Eusebius were intimately acquainted with the work of Papias. 'But,' as Dr. Denney has admirably summed up the facts, 'both Eusebius and Irenæus believe in the apostolic authorship of the Fourth Gospel, and in the residence of the Apostle, in his old age, in Asia Minor; and it is simply incredible that in a book with which they were both familiar, and which one of them at least regarded as of high value, there was an explicit statement that the Apostle had been killed by the Jews at a date which precluded his residence in Asia and his authorship of the Gospel—and that they took no notice of it' (*British Weekly*, May 18, 1911). Hence the writer ultimately responsible for the assertion must have mistaken the meaning of some passage in Papias, who, as we have seen, can be anything but clear in his writing, and if that

writer, as there is strong reason for believing, was Philip of Sidê, such an error would be thoroughly in keeping with his character as a historian.

I do not dwell on the use of Mk 10^{35a} as an argument in favour of the early martyrdom of John. To interpret Jesus' words in that passage in a baldly literal sense is to misunderstand (as has so often happened) the character of His language in moments of deep emotion. His reply to the ardent aspirations of the sons of Zebedee simply expresses His conviction that as loyal followers of His they shall indeed share with Him the lot of suffering. But it is easy to see how His impassioned utterances might be made by prosaic minds of a much later age the basis of assertions concerning the martyrdom of John, especially in view of the fact that his brother James had actually died a martyr's death.

I hope that enough has been said to give us pause as regards the dogma of the worthlessness of Irenæus' testimony to John of Asia and the Fourth Gospel, and to show the risk of making the question virtually turn on the interpretation of a single obscure passage in Papias, backed up by a confused statement put in circulation by an untrustworthy writer of the fifth century. But, as was suggested at the beginning of the present discussion, the evidence of Irenæus constitutes only one factor in the solution of the complex problem created by the Fourth Gospel. It must be estimated at its rightful value, as attesting the fact that this Gospel was ascribed to John the apostle at a very early date. But various delicate and difficult inquiries must be carried out before we are in a position to determine the precise relation of John to the Gospel which bears his name.

In the Study.

Rehoboam.

'A foolish son is the calamity of his father.'—Pr 19¹⁸.

IN the rise and fall of dynasties, the civil and foreign wars, the political and religious convulsions that occurred in Israel, we can see at work the very principles which underlie similar movements in our own history. The tribes of Israel resembled the inhabitants of Britain before the Saxon

invasion. They were separated into various clans under their own chieftains, and by their endless contentions among themselves became an easy prey to the foreign foe. In the course of time this spirit of rivalry was concentrated in two only—Judah and Ephraim—Benjamin in the south taking sides with the former, while the northern tribes combined with the latter.

The pre-eminence of Ephraim among the

northern tribes is curiously evidenced by the way in which it twice resented (Jg 8¹ 12¹) campaigns undertaken without its sanction and co-operation. It and its sister tribe of Manasseh had furnished, down to the time of David, the leaders and commanders of the people—Joshua, Deborah, Gideon, Abimelech, and Samuel—and when the kingdom was established it was from the allied tribe of Benjamin that the first monarch was selected. It was natural that, with such an inheritance of glory, Ephraim should chafe under any rival supremacy. It was natural, too, that for seven years it should refuse allegiance to a prince of the rival house of Judah. Even when, at the end of that time, the elders of Israel recognized David as 'king over Israel,' the fires of jealousy, as the revolt of Sheba and the curses of Shimei alike show, were not wholly extinguished. And the transference of the sanctuary, as well as the sceptre, to Judah—for Jerusalem, whilst mainly in the territory of Benjamin, was also on the border of Judah—would occasion fresh heart-burnings.

There were several different sections of Israel concerned in the movement for the election of a king of their own, and the choice of an Ephraimite shows that the sentiment of brotherhood was stronger than local interest or passion. Moreover, they were quite contented with the principle of hereditary succession. This was the only kind of kingship known, or even possible, to them, and that they would have been content with a congenial representative of the family of David is shown by their adhesion to the banner of Absalom. Their most pressing grievance was that they had no chance of impartial consideration from the house of David.

They felt that while the energies and resources of the people of the north were being employed to build up Judah and Jerusalem, and to strengthen and develop a central aristocracy in the south, their own local interests and institutions were neglected. The king was represented not so much by civil governors and magistrates as by tax-gatherers and garrisons. In short, the most of Israel remained domestically and internally pretty much as it was in the time of the Judges, while its experience of the monarchy had served mainly to harass and distract it beyond endurance. This was the crisis of the great schism. The unsettlement, the strife, the misery, of the succeeding

forty years were but the working out of the effort to consolidate on the basis of the monarchy. They were the throes of the birth-time of a new order.

I.

DISAFFECTION.

1. There had been in Solomon's government an unsound element which might easily lead to a rupture, but there was no actual necessity that this should occur just yet. However, if the man who was fitted to bring it about, and who was resolved that it should come about, did appear on the scene, everything was ready for it.

David had won the northern tribes by his vivid personality. Solomon had dazzled them by his royal magnificence. But it did not follow that they were blindly to accept Solomon's son Rehoboam as king, whose mother was an Ammonitess who worshipped Chemosh. Furthermore, it was absolutely necessary that Solomon's successor should be a strong man—a man of firmness, wisdom, and foresight—if the kingdom was to be kept together.

It is not too much to say that a more incompetent person than Rehoboam could not have been found. Well might his father have used the pessimistic language of the Book of Ecclesiastes which is ascribed to him: 'Yea, I hated all my labour which I had taken under the sun: because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool?' (Ec 2¹⁸).

Carlyle said that men were mostly fools. Christianity, with a surer and more reverent realism, says that they are all fools. This doctrine is sometimes called the doctrine of original sin. It may also be described as the doctrine of the equality of men.¹

2. The work required from the king was the exoneration of the tribes of Israel from the forced labour and burdens of every kind entailed by the expenses of the court and the great building work at Jerusalem. The North, much less weaned from the nomad life, had a great aversion for these towns and palaces of which the South was so proud. On the news of Solomon's death, Jeroboam hurried back from Egypt and renewed his intrigues among the Josephite tribes. Rehoboam proceeded to Shechem to receive the investiture of the tribes. It was there that the smouldering discontent burst

¹ G. K. Chesterton, *Heretics*.

into flame. The people recognized the advantages of royalty and desired its continuance, but they did not care to bear the burden of it.

An assembly was summoned at their ancient city of Shechem, on the site of the modern Nablûs, between Mount Ebal and Gerizim. In this fortress-sanctuary they determined, as 'men of Israel,' to bring their grievances under the notice of the new sovereign before they formally ratified his succession. According to one view they summoned Jeroboam, who had already returned to Zeredah, to be their spokesman. When the assembly met they told the king that they would accept him if he would lighten the grievous service which his father had put upon them. Rehoboam, taken by surprise, said that they should receive his answer in 'three days.'

I am solicited, not by a few,
And those of true condition, that your subjects
Are in great grievance: there have been commissions
Sent down among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their loyalties: wherein, although,
My good Lord Cardinal, they vent reproaches
Most bitterly on you, as putter-on
Of these exactions, yet the king our master,—
Whose honour heaven shield from soil!—even he escapes
not

Language unmannerly, yea, such which breaks
The sides of loyalty, and almost appears
In loud rebellion.¹

3. The recall of Jeroboam, and his selection as spokesman was a suspicious sign; for he had been in rebellion against Solomon (1 Kings 11²⁶), and therefore an exile. Probably he had even now been the instigator of the discontent of which he became the mouthpiece; and, in any case, his appearance as the leader was all but a declaration of war. His former occupation as superintendent of the forced labour exacted from his own tribe taught him where the shoe pinched, and the weight of the yoke would not be lessened in his representations.

The reason why John Bright's appeal on behalf of the tenants was so long unheeded by the Government was quite clear to him, and he stated it in the House of Commons with his habitual frankness: 'The question,' he said in a Tenants' Right debate in February 1852, 'the question is—Can the cats wisely and judiciously legislate for the mice?'²

4. Rehoboam had two sets of advisers. He sought advice, in the first instance, from the old

men who had been counsellors of his father, and whose ripe experience qualified them to speak. Their answer was astute in its insight into human nature. 'Give the people a civil answer,' they said: 'tell them that *you* are *their* servant. Content with this they will be scattered to their homes, and you will bind them to your yoke for ever.' In an answer so deceptive, but so immoral, the corrupting influence of the Solomonian autocracy is as conspicuous as in that of the malapert youths who made their appeal to the king's conceit.

Rehoboam then turned to the young men who had grown up with him, and who stood before him—the *jeunesse dorée* of a luxurious and hypocritical epoch, the aristocratic idlers in whom the insolent self-indulgence of an enervated society had expelled the old spirit of simple faithfulness. Their answer was the sort of answer which Buckingham and Sedley might have suggested to Charles II. in face of the demands of the Puritans; and it was founded on notions of inherent prerogative, and 'the right Divine of kings to govern wrong,' such as the Bishops might have instilled into James I. at the Hampton Court Conference, or Archbishop Laud into Charles I. in the days of 'Thorough.'

'Threaten this insolent canaille,' they said, 'with your royal severity. Tell them that you do not intend to give up your sacred right to enforced labour, such as your brother of Egypt has always enjoyed. Tell them that your little finger shall be thicker than your father's loins, and that instead of his whips you will chastise them with leaded thongs. That is the way to show yourself every inch a king.'

In the days of his power Napoleon relied mainly on external control, and in the last resort on force. If he could not convince the Germans of the excellence of his rule, he would coerce them. Hence such abominable acts as the summary execution of Palm, the Nuremberg bookseller, for the crime of selling a patriotic pamphlet. This episode does not stand alone. Writing at Warsaw early in 1807 respecting a rising near Cassel, he orders that the village where it started should be burned, and thirty ringleaders shot, 200 or 300 others being sent as prisoners to France. A little later he orders the execution of sixty men. Again and again one finds similar mathematical calculations as to the numbers who must be shot, in order to repress local riots. On 3rd July 1809 he commands the execution of six men at Nuremberg; and on 28th January 1813 of the same number at a place near Elberfeld.¹

¹ Shakespeare, *King Henry VIII.*, Act I. sc. ii.

² G. M. Trevelyan, *The Life of John Bright*, 166.

¹ J. Holland Rose, *The Personality of Napoleon*, 240.

II.

SEPARATION.

1. The Revised Version reads, 'My little finger is thicker,' etc., and so makes the sentence not a threat, but the foundation of the following threat in an arrogant and empty assertion of greater power. The fool always thinks himself wiser than the wise dead; the 'living dog' fancies that his yelp is louder than the roar of 'the dead lion.' What can be done with a Rehoboam who brags that he is better than Solomon?

The threat which follows is inconceivably foolish; and all the more so because it probably did not represent any definite intention, and certainly was backed by no force adequate to carry it out. Passion and offended dignity are the worst guides for conduct. Threats are always mistakes. A sieve of oats, not a whip, attracts a horse to the halter. If Rehoboam had wished to split the kingdom, he could have found no better wedge than this blustering promise of tyranny.

Every morning, all the last wet summer, my children and I read an hour in the best story-book in the world. And having Rehoboam in my mind, we came upon this about Coriolanus: 'But on the other side, for lack of education, he was choleric, and so impatient, that he would yield to no living creature: which made him churlish, uncivil, and altogether unfit for any man's conversation. They could not be acquainted with him as one citizen careth to be with another in the city. His behaviour was so unpleasant to them by reason of a certain insolent and stern manner he had, which, because it was too lordly, was disliked. And, to say truly, the greatest benefit that learning bringeth men unto is this: that it teacheth them that be rude and rough of nature, by compass and rule of reason, to be civil and courteous, and to like better the mean state than the higher. But Martius was a man too full of passion and choler, and too much given over to self-will and opinion, and lacked the gravity and affability that is gotten with judgment of learning and reason. He remembered not how wilfulness is the thing of all the world which the governor of a state should shun. For a man that wishes to live in this world must needs have patience, which lusty bloods [like Rehoboam's 'young counsellors'] make but a mock at.'¹

2. The effect was instantaneous; but not what Rehoboam had foolishly expected. The long-suffering people, smarting under a sense of wrong, would not be cowed by an empty boaster; the embers of revolt that had smouldered so long, burst into a flame; the cry, '*To your tents, O*

Israel,' which rent the air, at the same time rent the kingdom, and rang the knell of Israel's greatness. Jeroboam was elected king by the ten tribes according to the prediction of Ahijah, while Rehoboam's dominion was confined to Judah and Benjamin.

Federalism and the partiality for the patriarchal life regained the mastery. The Israelites departed from Shechem, resolved never again to submit to forced labour. And King Rehoboam had great difficulty in getting up to his chariot and fleeing to Jerusalem.

There is a national honour charged with the future happiness of man; loyalty is due from those living to those that will come after; civilization can only wax and flourish in a world where faith is kept; for nations, as for individuals, there are laws of duty, whose violation harms the whole human race; in sum, stars of conduct shine for peoples, as for private men.²

3. It is no small proof of the insight and courageous faithfulness of the historian that he accepts without question the verdict of ancient prophecy, that the disruption was God's doing; for everything which happened in the four subsequent centuries, alike in Judah and in Israel, seemed to belie this pious conviction. It was of the Lord, he says. We, in the light of later history, are now able to see that the disseverance of Israel's unity worked out results of eternal advantage to mankind; but in the sixth century before Christ no event could have seemed to be so absolutely disastrous.

A dozen rash words brought about those four hundred years of strife, weakness, and final destruction. And neither the foolish speaker nor any man in that crowd dreamed of the unnumbered evils to flow from that hour. Since issues are so far beyond our sight, how careful it becomes us to be of motives! Angry counsels are always blunders. No nation can prosper when moderate complaints are met by threats, and 'spirited conduct,' asserting dignity, is a sign of weakness, not of strength. Both for nations and for individuals that is true.

While a stormy scene of passion, without thought of God, rages below, above sits the Lord, working His great purpose by men's sin. That Divine control does not in the least affect the freedom or the guilt of the actors. Rehoboam's disregard of the people's terms was 'a thing brought about of the Lord,' but it was Rehoboam's sin none the less.

¹ A. Whyte, *Bible Characters: Ahithophel to Nehemiah*, 76.

² John Galsworthy, *A Sheaf*, 170.

That which, looked at from the mere human side, is the sinful result of the free play of wrong motives, is, when regarded from the Divine side, the determinate counsel of God. The greatest crime in the world's history was at the same time the accomplishment of God's most merciful purpose. Calvary is the highest example of the truth, which embraces all lesser instances of the wrath of man, which He makes to praise Him and effect His deep designs.

It may be that, long after we have slept our last sleep, the men who come after us, looking back upon the troubles which are at this moment such distress to the heart, will be constrained to confess that this thing too was 'of the Lord.'

The world is not a mere necessary sequence of material phenomena, but a spiritual stream, that, swift or sluggish be its course, flows irresistibly to God. The existing fact is not the law; choice between good and evil, heroism, sacrifice are not illusions; conscience, the intuition of the ideal, the power of will, and moral force are ultimate and mastering spiritual facts. The divine design controls it all, and man has liberty to help God's plan. And he who knows this, knows that 'a supreme power guards the road, by which believers journey towards their goal,' and he will be 'bold with God through God.' The crusaders' cry, 'God wills it,' is for him, and his are the courage and consistency and power of sacrifice, that come to those who know they battle on the side of God.¹

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

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Virginibus Puerisque.

I.

April.

THE KEY OF THE SUMMER.

'The flowers appear on the earth.'—Ca 2¹².

If, on this April morning, I were to ask the girls among you the name of their favourite flower, I believe they would nearly all answer 'the primrose.'

Not only girls love primroses; a bunch of fresh country ones might send an old woman's thoughts back to the days when she went primrose gathering long, long ago. She remembers those days as full of very delightful happiness.

1. Flowers indeed make the best of companions: they do us good and no evil, and the little yellow primrose seems to possess nearly every good quality that one looks for in a flower.

Ruskin, who studied flowers and many things like them, speaks of the primrose as a flower of gracious breeding. That means that in her own domain among flowers, the primrose possesses the qualities of a real lady. I wonder if the girls will recognize Ruskin's little lady when they see her. He says that the primrose grows naturally, being content to remain a child, until the time comes when it can blossom out and make the woods beautiful for us. At first, when the primrose is very young, it is confined within five pinching green leaves whose points close over it. That is the nursery of the primrose. Then the green leaves unclothe their points—the little yellow ones peep out like ducklings. They find the light delicious and open wide to it, and grow, and grow, and throw themselves wider at last into their perfect rose. But they never quite leave their old nursery for all that; it and they live on together, and the nursery seems a part of the flower. That just means that a real lady, even if she be very clever, is simple and childlike all the time.

2. I wonder if any of you boys or girls—I say

¹ Bolton King, *Mazzini*, 240.

boys too this time—ever felt that a message came to you from a little flower like the primrose. Wordsworth wrote quite a long poem about a very stupid man. Most people think that he said too much about him, but there are two verses of it often quoted, and, strange to say, by people who never read the whole poem. They are these :

He roved among the vales and streams,
In the green wood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.¹

None of you want to be like Peter Bell, I feel sure. Most of you have at least felt that you loved the primrose, and if you wanted to live a beautiful life after having been in the woods with it, the primrose had been speaking to you.

3. It is the modesty and quiet beauty of the primrose that charm every one :

Serene, thou openest to the nipping gale,
Unnoticed and alone,
Thy tender elegance.

The little flower does not always have good weather, and yet it sets a brave face to the blast and never fails to bloom for us. You are not very old, and have not had many real trials, but at school you must, I feel sure, have had one or two 'set-backs.' They are a good thing sometimes. They make you the better able to bear the trials that will come to you when you are men and women.

So virtue blooms, brought forth amid the storms
Of chill adversity ; in some lone walk
Of life she rears her head,
Obscure and unobserved ;

While every bleaching breeze that on her blows,
Chastens her spotless purity of breast,
And hardens her to bear
Serene the ills of life.²

4. Primroses and Easter generally come together. Spring is the Easter of the earth when all the trees and the flowers that have seemed dead through the winter begin to rise again. It brings the thought to the minds of many a man and woman

that there is really no death. In the German language the primrose has a name that means the 'key' flower. Probably the name was taken from the fable which tells that it has some magic power of discovering hidden treasure. We don't believe in magic, but we all believe the primrose to be the key of the summer. And because Jesus died and rose again He has been called the key of the grave. Just now people cannot help speaking about what comes after death. Many of our old Sunday scholars have passed over—Willie, George, Alec. Boys and girls look around this April morning : resurrection is on every hand. Remember the primrose, the 'key' of summer, and better still remember Him who is the 'Key of the Grave.'

II.

The Song of the Heart.

'Singing and making melody with your heart.'—Eph 5¹⁹.

That seems a queer thing to say, doesn't it?—'Singing and making melody with your heart.' Perhaps you think St. Paul made a mistake and that he meant to say—'Singing and making melody with your voice.'

But St. Paul is right. The best song of all is the song of the heart. It is a song we should all sing, only we have forgotten the secret, and we find it again only when God touches our heart.

Now this seems rather difficult to understand, so I want to tell you a story that will make it easy for you.

In the little town of Freiburg there is an old cathedral which contains a wonderful organ. One day, a stranger came to the cathedral and asked permission to play on the organ. But the old man who looked after the place refused to let him play. He told him that no stranger was allowed to touch the organ.

However, the visitor pleaded so long and so earnestly that at last the caretaker gave his consent. The stranger seated himself at the organ and soon the cathedral was filled with the most wonderful music. Never had the great organ produced such marvellous melody. Tears ran down the old man's cheeks and at last he laid his hand on the musician's shoulder. 'What is your name?' he asked. And when the other replied, 'Mendelssohn,' the old caretaker could only exclaim, 'And to think I refused to let you play on my organ !'

¹ Wordsworth, *Poems* ('Peter Bell'), 239.

² H. Kirke White.

Now, boys and girls, our hearts are just like that organ. They are splendid instruments meant to produce beautiful music, but they await the touch of the Great Musician. Only when He touches them can they 'make melody.' Without that touch they are dumb or they make only discord.

Perhaps some of the older boys and girls know the name of Caedmon. Caedmon was a monk who lived in the seventh century and he was our earliest Anglo-Saxon poet. Now there is a story told of how Caedmon came by his gift of poetry which you may like to hear.

In his youth Caedmon was the cowherd of the Abbey of Whitby, and it is said that he could neither sing nor make verses. In those days it was the custom to pass a harp round the company after the day's work was over so that each might contribute his share to the evening's entertainment. But whenever the harp appeared Caedmon used to slip away because he could neither sing nor play.

One evening when the harp had been brought out as usual, the cowherd took refuge in the stable, and as he was tired with his day's work he presently fell asleep. In his sleep a Stranger appeared to him and commanded him to sing. The monk replied that he could not sing and that that was the reason why he had left the entertainment. But the Stranger still commanded him to sing. 'Sing,' said He—'sing the beginning of created things.' And presently Caedmon found himself singing verses in the praise of God, verses which he had never heard. From that day onward he became the poet of the monastery, and men said that the gift of God's grace in his heart had brought with it the gift of song.

Now, boys and girls, that all happened so long ago that it may be a bit of a legend. But still there is a great deal of truth in it. Our hearts cannot sing the song God meant them to sing until we let Him touch them with His grace. He can make the most of us. He can make the best of our gifts and abilities. He can bring melody into our lives.

Remember the story of the old caretaker and how he almost missed hearing some of the most wonderful music in the world. We, too, may refuse the Great Musician, and the world will be a sad and tuneless place for us. But let us give Him permission to use our hearts as He would, then not only they but all our lives will be 'one grand, sweet song.'

III.

Perfume.

'Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart.'—Pr 27⁹.

Do you remember the very first bottle of perfume you ever had? How proud you were of it! Up till then you had had only an occasional sprinkle from the crystal bottle on mother's dressing-table, but now you had a whole bottleful of deliciousness all for your very own. Do you remember how you tried to make it last; and how you put it on your handkerchief only on special days such as Sundays; and how, when you pulled your handkerchief out of your pocket you gave it an extra flourish, and hoped that everybody was noticing that it was perfumed?

Do you remember, too, how eager you were to give a sprinkle as a treat to the people you loved best? You wanted them to enjoy its sweetness. And oh! how sad you were when the last drop had been squeezed out of the bottle! You took out the stopper, and filled the empty bottle with water, and shook it up well, and tried to pretend that there was still a perfume of the perfume left. You really loved that perfume—didn't you?

There are very few who don't love perfume of some kind. The people we read of in the Bible loved it and used it greatly. But the perfumes they used in Bible days were rather different from those we use now. They were pungent rather than sweet. They were made chiefly in the form of ointments which were employed in anointing the body—a very necessary thing in climates so hot as that of Palestine. Their names, even, sound curious to our ears. Here are a few of them—camphire, cassia, frankincense, myrrh, spikenard, tragacanth. They were made chiefly from gum or resin, and the bark or the leaves of trees.

Now the best perfumes we have are made from real flowers. In the South of France, between Cannes and Nice, there lies a sunny belt of land where most of the flowers which make our perfumes grow. There you will see acres upon acres of the roses, jasmine, violets, heliotrope, and carnations whose essence we buy bottled in the chemist's shop. The petals of these millions of blooms are gathered by the peasants and carried by them to the perfume factories. There they are treated by steam-heat or laid on layers of fat

until they give up their sweetness. Some of the flowers, such as the rose, yield their perfume readily, but others, like the violet and the jasmine, need special coaxing before they will part with their essence. Some one has called this essence or perfume 'the soul of the flower.' That is a fine idea. It is beautiful to think that, when the flowers are withered and gone, their soul still lives in their perfume.

There are three things I should like you to remember about perfume.

1. The first is that *no two perfumes are alike*. You can pick out essence of roses from essence of violets anywhere. People are just the same; no two in all the world are quite alike. Some have one kind of sweetness, some another, and we must not expect everybody to be sweet in the same way. That would be most uninteresting. What we have got to do is to find out each person's particular sweetness, and admire that.

In some people, I am sorry to say, the sweetness is very faint, so faint that you can hardly perceive it. Such people are like flowers on a gloomy day—they are not yielding their perfume. What they require is a good blaze of sunshine to draw out their sweetness—a blaze of happiness, in other words. Try to give them a little happiness; be kind to them. You will be astonished to see how their sweetness will develop.

2. The next thing I want you to remember is that *the perfume is the most precious part of the flower*. It is the part we should miss most were it taken away. We should not miss a petal or two from the many on the rose, but we should be sad indeed if it lost its sweetness; and if a sweet-pea were only a 'pea' without the 'sweet' we should not love it half so much. It is the perfume that makes some flowers precious.

Again it is the same with people. It is their sweetness that makes us love them. They may be young or old, short or tall, dark or fair, plain or beautiful—we never notice these details. What really matters is that they are sweet, and so we love them. If you want to be loved, boys and girls, don't forget to grow a perfume.

3. The third thing is that *a perfume imparts itself to others*. If you have a scent sachet in your drawer, you know how all your clothes smell of it. They have caught and kept its sweetness.

There is a Persian fable which tells of a man who picked up a lump of clay and carried it home

with him. He soon discovered that it had a smell so exquisite that it perfumed all the room. He took it up and looked at it, but he could discover nothing extraordinary about it, so he asked, 'O lump of clay, what art thou? Art thou some wonderful gem, or some rich perfume in disguise?' 'Nay,' was the reply, 'I am but a lump of clay.' 'Then whence this sweetness?' 'Ah! friend,' answered the clay, 'shall I tell you the secret? I have been dwelling with the rose.'

Boys and girls, we may all resemble that lump of clay. We may all be perfume-bearers. We may dwell with Christ, our Rose, and, having caught some of His fragrance, may help to shed it abroad through the world.

Point and Illustration.

The Soul of a Scottish Church.

We congratulate the Rev. David Woodside, B.D., on his first important book, and at the same time we congratulate the Publications Department of the United Free Church of Scotland on its first important publication. It is a history of the United Presbyterian Church; not, however, in the old way of writing history. The title is *The Soul of a Scottish Church* (6s. net), and the author describes it as giving 'the contribution of the United Presbyterian Church to Scottish Life and Religion.'

Well, it is a readable book—most interesting to read in every chapter of it. For Mr. Woodside has laid himself out for that, and he is fit for it. That first. Then it is a loyal book. The United Presbyterian Church is seen by everybody to be worthy. And yet there is not a foolish word of flattery within the covers. Lastly, it is a book that will make for righteousness and the coming of the Kingdom. What has attached the Scotsman to his Church? This book will tell you. Did you think it was an inveterate love of disputation and a delight in the splitting of theological hairs? It is this, that the sense of God, the living God, awful perhaps but actual, has been felt when the threshold of the House of God was crossed. Here is a quotation.

'Of the giants in literature there were two who had a closer connection with the Secession Church than is generally acknowledged. Carlyle was one. He was born in the Secession Church, and speaks with great reverence of the minister and those associated with him in Ecclefechan. Carlyle him-

self was intended for the Church, and went through the Arts course in Edinburgh University with that aim. When, however, he came to the end of his preliminary training, he hesitated. Certain doubts were already arising in his mind, and if he had proceeded further in the direction of the ministry, it would probably not have been to that of the Secession Church. We can scarcely imagine Carlyle's genius cribbed, cabined, and confined within the limits of a creed-locked Church. But his Secession training left upon him and his writings its mark to his dying day. He never forgot the impressions made; and he showed their influence in such a sentence as this uttered in his Rectorial address, when, as an old man, he gave to the young students the cream of his life's experience: "I believe you will find in all histories that religion has been at the head and foundation of them all, and that no nation that did not contemplate this wonderful universe with an awe-stricken and reverential feeling that there was a great unknown, omnipotent, all-wise, and all-virtuous Being superintending all men in it, and all interests in it—no nation ever came to very much, nor did any men either, who forgot that." That sentence, and what in his writings possessed the same spirit, sprang from his Secession teaching.

Christmas Morning.

The readers of *The Scotsman* have for some time been pleased with essays which have appeared at intervals touching things of home and country, of books and authors, of rocks and rivers and open roads, all signed by Arthur Grant. They have been sufficiently pleased to wish to see the essays issued as a book. Well, here it is with the title *On the Wings of the Morning* (Dent; 4s. 6d. net). What is the secret of the success? Nothing mysterious; just the topic that touches the universal human heart and the straightforward way of handling it.

'Christmas Day by the riverside! 'Tis a beautiful morning with a touch of frost in the air, and it mellows into a day of gentle sunshine, of subdued lights and shadows. The ragwort is still in bloom, but there are now only two leaves on the thorn. Alone of trees, the Scots fir yonder stands out against the sky with the same stately dignity as in summer. It and the river are least influenced by the season of the year. Still the river flows, and I may step on to this tiny promontory

and look into the clear, deep pool with its rocky and gravelly bed. All is still on this the anniversary of the first Christmas morning, the morning on which that "vision splendid" in "trailing clouds of glory" proclaimed on earth peace. Indeed, the peace of a calm winter's day has a character all its own. There is no stir of animal life, and Nature herself breathes the very spirit of peace. Here, amid the green pastures and beside the still waters, one remembers how to Isaiah a river was the very emblem of peace. The chastened joy of rivers, indeed, wells up through the whole sacred volume. Sometimes that very emblem of joy is turned into mourning, as in the Lament of the exiled Hebrews, surely the finest poem of its kind that ever was written, "By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion." The rivers of the distant homeland seemed to flow through their hearts as, by the willow-bordered stream, the bitter cry rose from their lips: "How shall we sing the Lord's Song in a strange land?" So it has always been, dear rivers of home, no matter where. After all, is not the particular river that we love but a question of sentiment, of association, nay, even of geographical environment? The Syrian captain did but give expression to his patriotism when he asked: "Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?" Thus even my nameless burn can point a moral at Christmastide. It is pleasing to associate days of exceptional beauty with the red-letter days of the Kalendar. Who does not rejoice, for example, on a beautiful Easter morn? But amid the bustle of modern life, whether the days be festival or ferial, those riverside reveries inspire a restfulness that we cannot afford to despise. "And now look about you," says Izaak Walton, "and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too," "the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed," as the old patriarch expressed it. And then good Master Izaak goes on to repeat what "holy Mr. Herbert" says of such days—days that recall my pilgrimage to Bemerton:

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridall of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.'

That is the way of it, and it is enough.

Dixon Scott.

'One of the many books of Dixon Scott's that were to be written when he came back after the war was a book of essays. "I've been systematizing it lately and finishing some of the sketches for it," he wrote in the spring of 1913. In the same letter he says, "There are nature things in it such as 'The Winds,' there are one or two motor things, and there is 'The Cloud' (which here appears as 'The Shadow')."'

'Dixon Scott never came back from the war—he died of dysentery on a hospital ship at Gallipoli on October 23rd, 1915—and this book of his essays is not his book as he would have made it. But his friends are all of one mind, that it is well worth getting together the few essays that are left in a pocket volume such as he himself always carried in his knapsack when he went out in search of adventure by the Mysterious Road or lost himself on the lonely heights of the Lake District.'

It is Mr. Bertram Smith who signs the Preface and says these things. And when we have read the book, even when we have read a single sample essay, we desire to be reckoned among the friends who are all of one mind. The title given it is *A Number of Things* (Foulis; 5s. net), appropriately culled from Stevenson's 'Child's Garden':

'The world is so full of a number of things
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.'

But how is the quality of the essay to be made known? By the quotation of one. Let it be a short one. Let it be

SILVER AND GOLD.

Every really honourable suburban garden is brisk and heartsome just now with splashes, and loops, and circlets of fine gold—the gold of that king-cup-coloured flower which the wise Ruskin so solemnly rebuked Wendell Holmes for calling 'the spendthrift crocus.' 'The crocus is not a spendthrift,' pointed out the great man, 'it is a hardy plant.' Hardihood and prodigality then—are they so incompatible? One fancies not; the argument, one imagines, would not be over-difficult to confute; certain spendthrifts of the human sort, at any rate—but there! Why hound a quarry of so obvious a tameness? Ilk-judged or well, Pathetic Fallacy or no Pathetic Fallacy, the

adjective remains—proving its pertinence by its pertinacity. And, in spite of Ruskin, it is always with a fine air of thriftlessness that these sunny, saffron-coated prodigals come strutting through the close-fisted shrubberies of March. They swing up the niggard borders, they surround the frugal lawns, they march about the miserly, reluctant beds—always with the same consistent recklessness. And with it all, of course (it is their irresistible quality), they never stoop to impudence. Despite their bold defiance of the conventions, they are something better than your mere Bohemian. Their improprieties are done decorously; their prodigalities are never dissolute. They outspace Spring, they fling their largesse in Winter's very face; but their audacity is always douce and kenspeckle, they are never too hot-footed to be trim. Neatly aligned, well-groomed, and orderly, they are, of all prodigals, surely the most circumspect and sober.

So much the quainter, of course, appears, on that account, their alliance with that shrinking epitome of wild wood-gracefulness, the snowdrop. The crocus is respectably audacious—bold, but bourgeois; and he mates—a frightened nymph! And yet it is a very proper marriage, as complementary as their colours—gold and silver; or as their symbols—the sun and the moon. Between them they make up the perfect round, the full, fair sequence of garden qualities. For the perfect garden should have room for all the crocus elements—the qualities of symmetry and bright composure and a general massing of rich and heartsome colours; but it must not be wholly content with these. It must include as well the frailer snowdrop qualities—the qualities of wild grace and moon-dawn frailty. 'I wish it were to be framed as much as may be to a natural wildness,' said the good Bacon. 'Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses; for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade; and these to be in the heath here and there, not in any order.' In that corner, too, would grow the snowdrops; and for that corner, for the inclusion of that space of desirable disorder, in all our gardens, the snowdrop's appearance just now may be regarded as a kind of delicate appeal. And since, as Bacon says, 'God Almighty first planted a garden; and,

indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures ; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man ; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handiworks '—since all this still remains admirably true, let the silver and gold scattered so lavishly about our gardens at the moment symbolize one

other thing as well. Let them be symbols of the lavish assiduity with which we townsfolk, through the coming year, will polish each his link in the long gold and silver chain of gardens, which unites us, here in the smoke-drift, with the clean world of Nature lying outside the walls.

The Family and Religion of L. Sergius Paullus, Proconsul of Cyprus.

BY SIR W. M. RAMSAY, D.C.L., LL.D., LITT.D., D.D., EDINBURGH.

THE province Galatia has been fruitful in discoveries bearing on the history of the family of Sergius Paullus, who came into friendly relations with Paul and Barnabas at Paphos about A.D. 47 (Ac 13¹⁰⁻¹²), and who was perhaps converted to the Christian faith. The words of Acts certainly suggest this, but they do not constitute a complete proof that conversion in the fullest sense took place. This is pointed out in my book on the *Bearing of Recent Research on the Trustworthiness of the New Testament*, p. 164, where the twelfth chapter discusses the religion and subsequent history of his family. It is there argued from one inscription found in Pisidian Antioch that the son of this Sergius Paullus was governor of the province Galatia about A.D. 70-74, and from another that his sister Sergia Paulla was married to the noblest citizen of Antioch, doubtless during the time that her brother was governing the province. It is a somewhat unusual fact in Roman social history that a lady belonging to a patrician senatorial family should marry a citizen of a remote provincial city, even though that city was a Roman colony and had played an extremely important part in Roman history during the first century of Imperial history. In this way the generation of the Sergii immediately following the proconsul of Cyprus came into close relations with the province of Galatia generally and the military capital Pisidian Antioch in particular.

A discovery which was made by Professor Calder of Manchester and myself renders it possible to pursue the subject further, and to trace the history of the family for nearly a century and a half after the incident in Paphos. There is of

course a certain amount of hypothesis needed in the reconstruction of family history. The strength of hypothesis like this depends on familiarity with the conditions and facts of society in the Imperial time, and can be properly estimated only by reference to the whole circumstances and history of Roman society and administration. So far as the part of the reconstruction already published in my book is concerned, I had the advantage of confirmation from Professor Dessau, to whose special department in Roman work this class of investigation belongs ; but the conditions which have prevailed in Europe since August 1914 have interrupted co-operation and friendly association between scholars of the opposing belligerent countries. The most hypothetical part of the whole hypothesis is the presumed continuity of the Sergian patrician family, and this continuity was accepted as self-evident and certain¹ by the author of the *Prosopographia of the Roman Empire*.

Some vague idea of the remarkable nature of this inscription (which Professor Calder had found some years previously, and which we recopied in company in 1913) occurred to us at the moment ; but, in the actual work of travelling over the plateau, visiting often several sites in a single day, there was no further time to think over the bearing of the document, and I forgot about it until 1916 when I chanced to be revising the whole series of inscriptions in Professor Calder's

¹ Lightfoot also regarded the later Sergii Paulli as lineal descendants of the proconsul of Cyprus. The fact is too simple to be susceptible of proof, but scholars in historical research recognize it forthwith.

notebook (my own notebook having unfortunately been lost).¹ It is very fortunate that the testimony of my friend to the discovery can be invoked to corroborate my own eyes, because the nature of the inscription is so remarkable, and historically so suggestive and wide-reaching, that I might perhaps have hesitated before venturing to publish it, if I had been the only authority for it, lest I should be exposed to the charge of finding always what suited my own purposes and corroborated my own prepossessions. Had it not been for the closer study of the Sergian history required in the attempt to illuminate the episode in the Acts, the importance of the monument here published would have probably escaped notice, because in itself it belongs to a common class of memorial.

In one of the most lonely and deserted parts of northern Lycaonia, in a region which we have taken to consist entirely of one vast Imperial estate or group of estates (*tractus*), stands the following inscription:

MEMORIAE
CN. CORNELI L[IB] . . . ANI
DECURIAL[IS] VIATORIS
SERGIA L. [F.] PAULLINA
CORNELI SEVERI

TO THE MEMORY OF
GNAEUS CORNELIUS, FREEDMAN [COGNOMEN LOST]
VIATOR OF THE DECURIAE
SERGIA PAULLINA [DAUGHTER] OF LUCIUS
(WIFE) OF CORNELIUS SEVERUS.

This epitaph rouses astonishment. How shall we explain the appearance of Sergia Paullina and Cornelius Severus, bearing two of the noblest Roman patrician names, in a solitary part of Lycaonia like this? Neither Paullina² nor her husband can possibly be supposed to have travelled in this region, or to have been present at the performance of such an act as the making of the tomb of one of their freedmen who was a *Viator*³ in their service (the term *Viator* might be roughly translated Summoner; perhaps the slaves on the estate were classified in *decuriae*).⁴

The only possible explanation is that the lady was the owner of an estate here. The estate belonged to her personally, and not to her

husband, because she is said to make the tomb, and the act originates from her as the landlord and owner of the estate, although she was not present and probably knew nothing about this Summoner or his death. Gnaeus Cornelius was a freedman of her husband, and belonged therefore to his household; yet the *Viator* is acting on her behalf as her representative on her property; and this incidentally is a proof that the family life and interests of Sergia and Cornelius continued united (which was not always the case in Roman patrician families).⁵

Both husband and wife belong to well-known families in Roman history during the first and second century. Sergia Paullina is especially well known, because inscriptions mentioning incidents or persons on her estates are rather numerous, and it would appear from the evidence already known, when compared with the present inscription, that she was the heiress in whose hands was concentrated the property of the

Roman patrician family which bore the name Sergius Paullus. Borghesi, a very high authority, considered that she was the daughter of Lucius Sergius Paullus, who was consul II. in A.D. 168; but Dessau, the more recent authority, suggests as more probable that she was the sister or the aunt of that consul; and the lettering in the Lycaonian inscription decides in favour of Dessau's last suggestion. She belongs to a generation earlier than the consul of 168, and she is the same person whose estates are mentioned in the inscription on a tile dated A.D. 134.

The fact that Sergia Paullina was the heiress of the Sergian properties implies that the stock in the direct line nearly died out, and there was no male heir in her generation. This furnishes the explanation of the striking fact that there is a gap in the annals of the Sergian family, so that the consul of 168 shows the reappearance of the name after

¹ The inscription should have been published (with the inferences here stated) in my book, had it not been for this forgetfulness.

² Both Paullina and Paulla were used as the feminine counterparts of Paullus.

³ A *viator* occurs also at Laodiceia of Lycaonia, close to the great Imperial estates of Zizima.

⁴ The republican *viatores dec.* cannot be taken as furnishing any evidence about *viator* on a Lycaonian estate,

⁵ It is possible that Paullina gave her husband's name to her own freedman. Examples occur, where two friends are concerned; so Dionysius united the names of Cicero and Atticus, but was freedman only of Atticus.

a long interval, during which it makes no show in Roman administrative history. Before the time when Dessau was publishing his monumental *Prosopographia*, this gap seemed to extend unbroken between the proconsul of Cyprus about A.D. 47 and the consul of 168; Dessau moved Sergia Paullina into the intermediate period, suggesting that she might belong to the generation earlier than the consul; but still the gap remained very long, and the relationship between the later Sergii and the old Sergius, who is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, was therefore by no means certain.¹ In itself, however, the relationship was highly probable, and had been accepted, e.g., by Lightfoot. That fortunate discovery at Pisidian Antioch revealed a Roman official of senatorial rank, L. Sergius L. f. Paullus, 'the son,' who belonged to the latter half of the first century; and, although the inscription which mentions him is incomplete, there can hardly be any other possible reason why an official of this rank should be in the province Galatia, except that he was its governor and that the inscription in his honour was erected when he visited Pisidian Antioch, probably somewhere about A.D. 72. This name helps to fill up the gap in the Sergian family, and there remains now no difficulty in regarding all these Sergii Paulli as representatives of the family in successive generations. The proconsul of Cyprus and the legatus of Galatia had not yet attained the consulship when they held these offices, and they were therefore probably not over forty years of age at the time. It would appear therefore quite feasible that Sergia Paullina might be the daughter of the governor of Galatia, and the aunt, as Dessau suggests (or the mother, as we shall see), of the consul II. of 168. We notice also that the names Sergius with the derivative Sergianus, and Paullus, Paulla and Paullina are exceptionally common in the southern part of the province. When the name Paullus occurs in Christian inscriptions of Lycaonia, as it frequently does, the use of it is in all probability due to the memory of the Apostle Paul; but even setting this consideration aside with all the names which it affected, there remains sufficient evidence (inde-

pendently of any epigraphic mention of L. Sergius Paullus the son) to suggest the hypothesis that there must have been a governor of the province bearing the name Sergius Paullus at some time not later than the second century. Sergia Paulla, probably the sister of the governor of Galatia, married a Roman knight belonging to the most prominent family of Antioch, named Caristianus, and her husband was elevated to senatorial rank in 74,² and thereafter filled a number of high offices in the Roman Imperial service, governing Lycia and Pamphylia, and afterwards being proconsul of Asia (which implies that in the interval he had been honoured with the consulship). Reasons are stated in my book for thinking that her sons were Christian.

As Bishop Lightfoot long ago pointed out, there apparently existed among the Sergii a certain family character and hereditary tradition which led them to take interest in philosophy and in scientific study. The consul of 168 is mentioned by Galen as being devoted to philosophical research, and as having been present at medical demonstrations given by the great physician in Rome. This interest in philosophy is evident in the account which Luke gives of the proconsul of Cyprus; and the marriage of Sergia Paulla to a provincial knight suggests that the family did not stand aloof from the social conditions of the province, but were interested and friendly in the intellectual life and society of the East. The Roman character is far from suggesting that there would be any inconsistency between philosophic interest and the acquisition of landed estates in the province. It may therefore be justifiably supposed that this Sergian estate in northern Lycaonia came into the possession of the family during the time when the head of that family was governing Galatia, about A.D. 72. Now there can be little or no doubt that this property was part of the great Imperial estates which had been inherited by Augustus from Amyntas, the last king of Galatia. It is entirely in accordance with the custom of the early Roman Empire that portions of those vast Lycaonian properties were from time to time granted by the Emperor to distinguished

¹ In the *Prosopographia* the relationship is not even suggested; but Dessau regarded it as quite probable, though that work was restricted to definite facts. He now considers the relationship proved by the discovery of the Galatian official, the missing link.

² The inscription mentioning Sergia Paulla and Caristianus was published, and this inference as to the date of his elevation drawn, by G. L. Cheesman in *J.R.S.*, 1913, p. 253 (whose death at the Dardanelles was a great loss to the study of Asia Minor).

Romans and particularly to members of the Imperial family. This is well known to have been the case on a very large scale in Egypt (where the whole country except the city-State Alexandria was Imperial property); and a list has been compiled by the distinguished Russian scholar Rostowzew of the large number of estates which were bestowed upon distinguished Romans in the early Imperial period. The custom seems to have passed almost entirely out of vogue in Egypt before the end of the first century, but a striking example of it on a very large scale is known in the Pisidian region of the province Galatia during the latter part of the second and the beginning of the third century, and the history of a series of owners of that property has been written from the inscriptions of south-western Galatia.¹ At any rate, the presumed government of Galatia by Sergius Paullus the younger falls within the time when even in Egypt estates were still being carved out of the vast Imperial properties and given to private individuals. It is not probable that such an estate would be granted to a Roman family in remote Lycaonia, unless a member of that family were in some connexion with the province of Galatia at the time. This, however, must not be regarded as in itself conclusive; the occurrence of the names Annaeus and Seneca in this same region of northern Lycaonia suggests that an estate here may perhaps have been given by Nero to Seneca, or (should we say?) taken by Seneca during his period of power in the first few years of Nero's reign. Seneca obtained also an estate in Egypt;² moreover, some of the great freedmen of Claudius, such as the millionaire Pallas (whose brother Felix acted so meanly to Paul at Cæsarea), also got hold of estates in Egypt. The power of acquisition possessed by great financiers like Pallas, or great Spanish Phœnicians like Seneca, was extraordinary and can hardly be supposed to have existed in the patrician family of the Sergii.³

In the inscription of Sergius Paullus the younger the repetition of the word *filio* written in full (as distinguished from its expression by the initial

letter only in the first case), seems to be evidently intended to distinguish this Sergius from a well-known father. It is not in accordance with Roman usage to repeat the word in this way in full, and the repetition is a clear example of the influence of Greek usage, where this distinction was commonly made by adding the word young or younger (*νέος* or *νεώτερος*). The Antiochian composers of the inscription were already beginning to be affected by Greek usage in the composition of Roman inscriptions. I have long entertained the idea as a hypothesis, still unproved and far from easy to prove, that this addition of the term young or younger in Greek inscriptions implies that the father was still living at the time. This seems in itself quite probable, but the addition might be quite fairly well explained by the supposition that the son is distinguished from a father who happened to be well known, even though he might have died before the inscription was composed.

The husband of Sergia Paullina bears the well-known name Gnaeus Cornelius Severus.⁴ This person is not known as an individual, nor has there been preserved any other record of the marriage of Sergia Paullina. Children of that marriage would naturally bear the name Cornelius and Cornelia, but it is a justifiable supposition that one of the sons of such a marriage took the mother's name, and became the heir of the Sergian estates.⁵ This son would be L. Sergius Paullus, consul II. A.D. 168. This remains a hypothesis, but it is quite a common fact of the period that a son united the entire names of both his father's and mother's houses, so that the son of Cornelius Severus and Sergia Paullina would naturally be called Cn. Cornelius Severus L. Sergius Paullus, and a person bearing this name might probably prefer to be called L. Sergius Paullus in ordinary society, if he inherited the great Sergian property.

There was a Roman consul A.D. 152 called Manius Acilius Glabrio Cn. Cornelius Severus. We may say with practical certainty that he was the son of Manius Acilius Glabrio and of Cornelia Severa, who is very likely to have been either the daughter or the sister of Cn. Cornelius Severus, the husband of Sergia Paullina. This connects the Sergii with another of the noblest of the Roman families in the first century A.D. The reference

¹ C. B. Phr. I. ch. 9 and *Prosopographia*.

² Seneca's brother Gallio, governor of Achaia, made a voyage to Egypt for his health, being attacked by fever.

³ While the date when Sergius Paullus held office in Galatia was probably about the period A.D. 71-74, the possibility that he may have already been in office there before 68 under the reign of Nero cannot be for the present set aside as impossible.

⁴ His prænomen follows from that of his *libertus*.

⁵ According to general custom in the Imperial period, the second son took the mother's name as a cognomen at least.

which Juvenal makes in his fourth Satire to the eighty-year-old Manius Acilius of his time is well known, and there exists considerable evidence that his son, the consul of 91, was more or less tainted with Christianity. This question has occupied the attention of scholars ever since. De Rossi drew attention to it; and some account of the facts and of the connexion between the consul of 91 and Flavius Clemens, the nephew of Domitian, who also is suspected of having been a Christian, may be found in Lightfoot's edition of Clement of Rome. Lightfoot discredits the theory that M'. Acilius was a Christian.

Starting then from the evidence recorded by St. Paul of the first of these Sergii, one finds oneself here and there throughout the later history of the family confronted with associations and indications and suspicions of Christian character. I began this investigation some years ago with the feeling and the argument that the words of Luke do not necessarily imply that he regarded the proconsul of Cyprus as being more than sympathetic to and interested in the Christian religion, and yet there appears one case after another suggesting that the fabric of the family history had been tinged (at least here and there) with the dye of Christianity. It would of course not be safe or even justifiable to think that Sergius Paullus, consul II. A.D. 168, could by any possibility have been a Christian; the reasons are stated in my book, pp. 151, 159. The origin of this whole family history is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and the narrative leads us on into that circle of the Roman nobility whose Christianity is known or suspected. The question may now be asked whether this was not the reason why, in a history which is so brief and which omits so much, Luke devoted attention to the episode of the proconsul Sergius Paullus in Paphos.

Of course it was not the time nor the place in writing that history to use an expression which was too definite and specific and precise with regard to the conversion of the proconsul. Throughout that whole early period, wherever matters which might come before public notice are mentioned in documents, a veil of more or less vagueness and obscurity is usually drawn over the account. The family of Sergius Paullus is connected with the group of nobles in Rome who were affected by a species of Christianity. Whether they were all Christian converts in the fullest and most complete sense is doubtful and even improbable. Some of them, we may confidently say, were in a position similar to that of the 'God-fearing' Gentiles in reference to the synagogue. They were favourably disposed to this teaching. They thought it high, noble, satisfying in a sense alike to the intellect and to the emotions, but they were not disposed to subject themselves to the entire law of the Jews. The expression which is used by the Roman poet Juvenal about such persons is susceptible of a double sense, and in both senses it has an element of truth. 'Metuens Sabbata' may quite well imply both, 'he respected the Jewish ritual' and 'he was afraid of the Jewish ritual,' finding it too exacting for ordinary life. These Roman nobles in whose society we find ourselves were similarly distinctly sympathetic to Christian teaching and their life was coloured thereby, but they still found themselves able to join in the ordinary pagan life to a certain degree (rather unwillingly as a rule and under compulsion of the Imperial orders). They respected the teaching, but they were afraid of it. This colour died out, and Paullus the consul of 168 was evidently pagan. It was not in a privileged class that Christianity could maintain itself, but only in the educated middle class.

Contributions and Comments.

The Release of a Prisoner at the Passover.

THE Gospel narrative of the condemnation of Jesus by Pilate contains a reference to an otherwise unknown custom of releasing a prisoner at the Passover. According to the record of Jn 18³⁹,

the custom is defined as national and a concession of the ruler to the demands of the people. The narrative in Mk 15⁸ states that the ruler was in habit of releasing a prisoner at that time, with which intention Mt 27¹⁵ agrees. However we assume that some ancient religious ritual of cultural significance survives here in which the significance

of the act of the ruler applies to the entire people, and in some way formed part of the national ritual of atonement.

In writing this brief note I do not make an original contribution to the elucidation of the custom, but simply convey to English readers the remarkable discovery made by a young scholar just before the war. Dr. Landsberger of Leipzig, in making a new study of the Assyrian tablets of our British Museum which contain the ritual directions and rubrics of each day of the year, discovered on the hemærology or calendar for Marchesvan (8th month, November of our calendar) that the kings of Assyria on certain days also released a prisoner, precisely as did Pilate with Barabbas. To render this discovery more intelligible to laymen I make a preliminary statement.

The known fragments of the Babylonian Assyrian calendar belong to the edition prepared for the kings of Assyria, and are sufficient to warrant the inference that for each month, ordinary and intercalary, a large tablet existed defining each day up to 30 as to its religious and secular significance. The Babylonians entitled this series, *enbu*¹ *bêl arhim*, 'The Moon-god lord of the month,' probably because the first tablet began with these words. This calendar was consulted by the priests and astrologers when they wished to decide concerning the propriety of doing things on certain days. For example, in the time of Asarhaddon, two of his religious advisers, writing to urge him to perform purificatory rites on the 16th day of the month, since the 17th was not a propitious day, quote their authority from the calendar. 'Inasmuch as the clerks have said that it is written in "The fruit, lord of the month," so now we retain the omens in our possession.'²

¹ Literally 'the fruit,' an epithet frequently applied to Sin, the Moon-god. Thus in a hymn to this god we have *enbu ša ina ramāni-šu ibbanū*, 'Fruit which is created of itself' (Rawlinson, iv. 9a, 23). In a recently published inscription, which records the dedication of the daughter of Nabonidus, king of Babylon, occurs the following passage: *ilu inbi innadir-ma ina na'iduri-šu irbi ilu Sin entu iri šidm itašu u purussu-šu*, 'The divine fruit was darkened and disappeared in his obscurity; Sin chose a priestess in this manner by his omen and decision' (Clay, *Miscellaneous Inscriptions*, 45. 9-10). The epithet 'fruit' always refers to the Moon-god in his astral character, the increasing and waning form of the moon being likened to growing and perishing fruit. See also Pinches, *P.S.B.A.*, 1904, 163.

² R. F. Harper, *Assyrian and Babylonian Letters*, vol. iv. No. 362, Rev. 5-10.

The calendar for two months, intercalary Elul (6th month) and Marchesvan, is nearly complete.³ Fragments of the calendar for intercalary Nisan (1st month), Sivan (3rd month), Tebet (10th month), Šebat (11th month), and Weadar (12th month) are also known.⁴ For each day the calendar usually first mentions the deity, or deities, to whom the day was consecrated. It differs from the Christian custom of assigning to each saint only one day of the year, in that the same day in each month is always ruled by the same deity or deities. Thus the first day of every month was under the régime of Anu and Enlil, gods of heaven and earth. The seventh of every month was ruled by Marduk and his consort Zerbanit. Each month entire stood under the régime of a deity.⁵ There is a general similarity about all the identical days of any month. For instance, the 3rd, 7th, and 16th days are rest days (*nubattu*) throughout the year. These brief details will clarify the contents of the calendar sufficiently to introduce here the rubrics for the 6th, 16th, and 26th days of the 8th month, Marchesvan. In each of these the rubric orders the king to recite a penitential psalm (*šigû*),⁶ to open the prison and free a prisoner.⁷ Thus the rubric for the 6th day reads (in part): 'Before he enters for the penitential psalm let him open prison cell and lock.' For the 16th the rubric has: 'Before he enters for the penitential psalm let him emancipate a slave, then let him chant a psalm . . . and free a prisoner.' The rubric of the 26th day has 'the king shall chant a psalm and free a prisoner.' One very remarkable fact about these three days of Marchesvan is that the rubrics for all corresponding days in the other months (so far known) do not mention the release

³ Rawlinson, iv. 32-33 (Elul); 33* (Marchesvan). A transcription and translation of the former text will be found in P. Jensen, *Keilinschriftliche Bibliothek*, vi. pt. 2, 8-23. The more interesting of these two calendars, that for Marchesvan, has not been translated in a complete edition.

⁴ Partly from Virolleaud's publication in *Zeitschrift für Assyriologie*, vol. xix. 377-383, and partly from references in Landsberger, *Der kultische Kalender der Babylonier und Assyrier*, pp. 100-145.

⁵ Cf. Rogers, *Cuneiform Parallels*, 194; *Astrolab Berlin*, in Ernest Weidner's *Handbuch der Babylonischen Astronomie*, p. 85.

⁶ The *šiggajôn* of Hebrew musical terminology. In Babylonia penitential prayers of this kind are recited in Sumerian, and are always liturgical in character.

⁷ The collated texts of these rubrics will be found in Landsberger's book, p. 115.

of a prisoner. On these days of Sivan and Šebat the king must sing penitential psalms, but no mention is made of slave or prisoner. On the 6th, 16th, and 26th of Nisan, Elul, and Weadar, the rubric forbids even the singing of the *šigū*.

We infer, therefore, that this interesting custom obtained only one month in the year, and thrice in that month. Each day contains the figure 6, hence the practice has some mathematical mystery about it, or some occult principle of figures was applied to an ancient ritual. At any rate the release of a prisoner occurred in but one period of the year, as did the Jewish custom, but at different seasons, the Jewish being in the spring, the Assyrian in the late autumn. That a connexion exists between these rubrics of the Assyrian calendar and the release of Barabbas in the Gospels will not be doubted. What the custom might signify, what might be the ultimate magic or ethico-religious causes of the institution, I must leave for others to investigate. Many of the royal penitential psalms have survived, but none mention the custom of releasing a prisoner. At any rate the bound were freed in the rituals of atonement, and the act has surely a purificatory import.

That the custom has a national purificatory significance based upon symbolic magic is fairly certain. The Babylonians literally regarded a sinner as a prisoner whom they bound with cords in their rituals; these were broken in sign that the bands of the devils were broken. A Babylonian prayer to Marduk has the line, 'Him that is bound in the prison house thou causest to behold the light,' referring to the sinner as a prisoner of the powers of evil.¹ In these magic rituals the priests actually made little houses of meal, which are called prisons, probably to imitate the prison house of sin in which mankind is bound.² My idea of this Babylonian and Aramaic ceremony is that the king, acting for the nation, released a prisoner as a form of symbolic magic to indicate that the gods were merciful to men and released them from sin. According to an Assyrian astrologer, if the constellation Scorpio stood in the moon's circle on

the 15th of the month, Ajar the king must pray to the god Ea and release a prisoner.³

S. LANGDON.

Oxford.

Circumcision of the Heart.

WHEN Chrysostom interprets Col II¹¹ (*Hom. Col. vi. 2*), though in the beginning he seizes the spiritual nature of the matter, as when he writes: 'No longer is circumcision with the knife, but in Christ Himself, for no hand graves this circumcision . . . but the Spirit,' yet he closes on an institutional view by saying that such circumcision is done in baptism. So early a writer as Justin Martyr (*Trypho*, xliii. 2) seems to have held this view of the Colossian passage. It is not unlikely that by his time baptismal ideas and ritual were growing in prominence. But that Paul should be credited with second-century views is a different matter. An allusion to baptism follows his reference to circumcision, but the twelfth verse must not be read back into the eleventh. Its interpretation depends upon a re-interpretation of the first-century desire for deliverance from the congregation of the dead. For the independence of the two subjects in Paul can be shown from an uncanonical writer of the Apostolic Age, who also will lead us to see that there was a view of circumcision older than Justin's, and that it was spiritual and not institutional.

Three chapters of the *Epistle of Barnabas* (9-11) are occupied respectively with these subjects: chs. 9, the circumcision of ears and heart; 10, the powers of understanding in circumcised ears and heart; 11, the Cross and baptism. The subject of 9 has no relation with that of 11, since in the latter there is no reference back to the first, and a subject alien to it has been interpolated in another chapter. What, then, is the treatment of circumcision in 9? From Old Testament testimonia this is deduced by Barnabas: That *anti-Judaic* circumcision is the grace of the work of Jesus on the Cross in the heart, and by it belief comes to the ears. This grace and this power of hearing is circumcision, as Barnabas knows it, for heart and ears. Whatever

¹ *Beiträge zur Assyriologie*, v. 350. 44.

² *Bit ši-bit-te ša kēmi* (Ebeling, *Keilschrifttexte aus Assur*. No. 90, Obv. 19). The ritual of *Zeitschrift für Assyriologie*, xvi. 156. 22, directs the priests to prepare (an image of) the demon Labartu in the garb of a prisoner, an act of symbolic magic.

³ Thompson, *Reports of the Magicians and Astrologers*, No. 215, Rev. 3-4, *Šumma ina kabal araḥ Ajar āmu 15 -kam ana E-a [lu-uš] kēn ša šibittī limašši-ir*.

the second and fourth centuries have to say on this matter from the standpoint of ritual developments, it is plain that the first century has its own voice, and that it must be allowed to speak in Paul, whether we are concerned with the exact connotation of circumcision or of its independence of baptism. Paul and Barnabas are not Chrysostom and Severus of Antioch.

The significance of this position and idea is seen again if another first-century writing is looked at in its light. That writing is the *Odes of Solomon*. The opening verses of the eleventh Ode are Pauline in sentiment: 'My heart was circumcised and the flower appeared.' Dr. Bernard, in his edition of the book, informs them with baptismal meanings. He thus informs the whole of the *Odes*, but that raises a question not to be dealt with in this note. The Odists' claim that 'the Most High circumcised me by His Holy Spirit' should not be taken outside the Barnabas view. The elaborate figure with which the Ode closes, of trees filled with fruit that grow because of this spiritual circumcision, might conceivably be wrapped in the Barnabas phrase:

τὴν ἐμφυτον δωρεὰν τῆς διαθήκης αὐτοῦ (9⁹),

as a bud holds leaves or flowers. With this should be compared Justin, *Trypho*, xxviii. 3, where, between two testimonia used by Barnabas (Jer 4³, 4 9^{25, 26}), he has the sentence:

γινώτε τὸν Χριστόν, καὶ νεὸς καλὴ, καλὴ καὶ πίων ἐν ταῖς καρδίαις ὑμῶν.

This delightful land in the heart comes by the circumcision of the heart. Again Justin speaks (xxviii. 4) of the knowledge of Christ which is to be circumcised with τὴν καλὴν καὶ ὠφέλιμον περιτομήν, and to be loved of God. And in the immediately succeeding chapter (xxix. 1) he brings these matters to a close by asking what need had any one of external baptismal forms if he had been baptized by the Holy Spirit? It is significant that Old Testament testimonia common to Barnabas and Justin should lead not only to the idea of spiritual circumcision, but also to the depiction of a land which is of the same nature as that in the verses of Ode 21, and they follow those that hymn the circumcision of the heart. From this stratum of Christian thought, too spiritual to be later than the first Christian message and too naively liberate to have any relations with

later institutionalism, Paul also took his ideas as we have them in the Letter to the Colossians. A true test for views more developed than that stratum would permit, whether in Paul or in Justin Martyr, is their harmony with the first source of definition in Christian thought, namely, the *Testimonia adversus Judæos*.

VACHER BURCH.

Woodbrooke Settlement.

The Scope of Mark's Work.

THE Second Gospel is incomplete, and we generally take it for granted that it has lost only a small portion, as if one closing leaf had been worn away. Is it possible that nearly one-third of the original has perished?

Take all the historical books, Genesis to 2 Chronicles, excluding Ruth, with Matthew, Luke, Acts, John. Add the number of pages in an English version, divide by the number of books, and it appears that there is an average size represented well by 1 Samuel, 1 Kings, Matthew, Luke, Acts. Mark is far smaller, in the ratio 14 to 23, and there is no other historical book approaching this small size.

Consider, therefore, the question of the conventional size of books among Greek-speaking Jews. Kenyon tells us that the longest papyrus roll contains two books of the *Iliad*, and another contains three short orations of Hyperides. It may be uncertain whether in Jewish circles the transition to codex was already taking place; but there is one obvious case independent of this.

The Septuagint was a standard translation of standard documents. The thirteen historical books fill 924 pages in Swete's edition, averaging 71 each; 1 Samuel takes 66, 1 Kings 72. The Law occupies 419, and therefore could have been divided into six such sections. But this would have been a far worse division than we actually have; the sections would have begun with unimportant points such as the Generations of Esau, the Visit of Jethro, the Death of Nadab, the Consecration of the Levites, and would transfer the opening part of the first speech in Deuteronomy to the fifth section. Such a division would be too artificial to be tolerated; and if Deuteronomy was already half severed from the rest when the Alexandrians put their translation

into handy form instead of cumbersome leathern rolls, they could hardly fail to see that the death of Joseph ended a great period. That left no option but to divide the rest of the Law into three parts, rather than four. Samuel, Kings, Chronicles naturally fell into two volumes each. Thus the conventional length of a Jewish book of history, written in Greek, would have certain precedents.

If we compare the practice of Josephus, we find that the length of his autobiography is just the average of the seven books of his *Wars* and the twenty of his *Antiquities*, 25,000 English words.

Here then we have a series of standard translations, and some nearly contemporary original Jewish work, indicating a certain general conventional length. This proves to be almost exactly the length of Luke, Acts, Matthew.

Supposing that the Second Gospel was at first approximately of this length, what could it go on to include, and what would be its climax?

Luke based his Gospel on Mark; how if he

based the earlier part of his second volume on the same? He expanded 42 pages (WH. pocket edition) into 70; that is in the ratio 3:5. Therefore if the original were about 70 of those pages, the lost 28 pages would be expanded by Luke to about 45. This brings us to about chapter 17. Now the last mention of John Mark in the Acts is at chapter 15.

It is conceivable that John Mark wrote, not merely a biography of Jesus, but an account of the early mission days, covering the work in Judea, Samaria, Phœnicia, Cyprus, and coming to a head with the formal acknowledgment at Jerusalem that Gentiles were not liable to the Jewish Law. It is possible that the opportunity for such work arose on his return to Jerusalem after his first visit to Cyprus; and that the occasion was a demand from such Churches as Cæsarea, Paphos, Antioch, for a summary of facts to date, by someone in a position to write with authority.

W. T. WHITLEY.

Droitwich.

Entre Nous.

PROSE.

James Hope Moulton.

There have been reprinted from 'The Bulletin of the John Rylands Library' three papers which together form a memorial, fitting though not full, of Dr. J. H. Moulton. One paper is a Biographical Sketch by his brother, the Rev. W. Fiddian Moulton, M.A.; one is a Record of his Work, with an estimate of its significance, by Professor A. S. Peake, D.D.; and one is a Letter to Mr. W. Fiddian Moulton from Dr. Rendel Harris.

Now a piece of most agreeable news. The second volume of Dr. Moulton's *Grammar of New Testament Greek* will be issued speedily. He had completed it before sailing for India.

H. M. Gwatkin.

The Cambridge Press informs us that the third volume of the *Cambridge Medieval History* is well on the way. Dr. Gwatkin's death threw it back somewhat. But we may look for it in the near future. No finer work than the *Medieval History* has ever issued even from the Cambridge Press.

The author of a small book of children's sermons entitled *Not only Men* assures us that the story in 'A New Year's Chat,' said not to be new, *is* new, and his own invention.

POETRY.

Richard Rowley.

Yet another Irish poet! Unmistakably Irish Mr. Rowley is, and unmistakably a poet. *The City of Refuge* (Maunsell; 3s. 6d. net)—a beautiful volume—has not an unpoetical line in it, not an unpoetical image or epithet. And sometimes the simplicity is a great charm. Let us quote

BEAUTY.

No need to search afar,
To wander wide,
Seeking some ultimate star;
Close at your side
E'en where the many are,
She doth abide.

And in the busy street,
Lo! she is there,
On swift invisible feet,
Tho' men be unaware.
A spring-breath flitting by
Murmurs her name;
A sudden gleam in the sky
Writes it in flame.
Or, in the crowd, a face
Goes smiling-bright,
Hers is its luminous grace,
Its inner light.
Seek not some faery land,
Or dreamed-of star;
She dwells not far,
But very close at hand.
Daily you breathe her breath,
Her feet your ways have trod,
Yea! near as Life and Death,
As near as God!

Charles Murray.

The lovers of Charles Murray's *Hamewith* will rejoice to hear of an illustrated edition, an edition cleverly, worthily illustrated by A. S. Boyd (Constable; 6s. net). If there are those who do not know, let it be said to them that Charles Murray, although for so long a South African, is a most irreproachable writer of the Scots tongue as well as a poet. The poetry is sometimes sentimental and sometimes humorous. We may quote

'MY LORD.'

Nakit tho' we're born an' equal,
Lucky anes are made Police;
An' if civil life's the sequel,
Honours but wi' age increase,
Till a Bailie, syne selected
Ruler ower the Council Board,
An' tho' never re-elected,
'Ance a Provost, aye "My Lord."

Credit's got by advertisin'
Ye hae siller still to lend;
Get the word o' early risin',
Ye can sleep a week on end.
Gie a man a name for fightin'—
Never need he wear a sword;
Men will flee afore his flytin'—
'Ance a Provost, aye "My Lord."

But for mischief name a body,
He can never win aboon't;
Folk wad swear he chate the wuddy
In the lint-pot gin he droon't:
For unless ye start wi' thrivin',
A' your virtues are ignored,
Vain a' future toil an' strivin'—
'Ance a Provost, aye "My Lord."

A. E. Manning Foster.

Mr. A. E. Manning Foster has gathered together the best, and especially the most encouraging, things that have been written on Death, and so he has produced an anthology and called it *Blessed are the Dead* (Cope & Fenwick; 3s. net). There is no theology in the book, or any determination of the future state. The compiler's one desire has been to take the terror from the grave. We shall quote an anonymous poem on

DYING.

Passing out of the shadow
Into a purer light;
Stepping behind the curtain,
Getting a clearer sight;

Laying aside a burden,
This weary mortal coil;
Done with the world's vexations,
Done with its tears and toil;

Tired of all earth's playthings,
Heartsick and ready to sleep,
Ready to bid our friends farewell,
Wondering why they weep;

Passing out of the shadow
Into eternal day.
Why do we call it dying,
This sweet going away?

Willoughby Weaving.

The promise of Mr. Weaving's first volume, *The Star Fields*, is fulfilled in *The Bubble* (Blackwell; 4s. 6d. net). Most of all is it fulfilled in metre. The ear is become even more sensitive to 'the melody of sweet sounds.' There is also a stronger grasp of life. Its demands are recognized as severer and more purposeful, yet with no thought (or only to be dismissed) of surrender.

Love is the beginning as before, and the end is Love. But now it is not Love as matter for song; it is Love as a dominant, even a domineering, influence in life. There is little of Nature in the pagan worshipful way. Once, however, the cruelty and the pain in Nature are felt, and the problem is left unresolved. We shall quote that poem. It is called

WOODCRAFT.

The fear of the forest, the terror of beautiful
wild places,
The unslumbering horror, the readiness, the
alert
Strange quiet—the fierce use of Nature bafflcth
Love's reason
And leaveth Love's hope desperately hurt.

All this beauty that is and tenderness that
seemeth
Still warmeth my heart above, but wasting
below
With chilliest touch is the hunted wariness of
the creatures
For the suddenness of the swift and the cold
cunning of the slow.

What meaneth all this pitiless preying and
agony of living?
This exquisitely contrived cruel tyranny of the
strong
And cunning?—this ingenuity of pain and
prodigality of torment?
What part had Love in the ordering, O my
song?

In the crippled and cramped among men, the
sorrow and the tribulation,
Not Love's mistake, but man's marring I well
perceive;
But there, amid the wild creatures, of Love's
ultimate veiled purpose
Such merciless cold means how can I believe?

Oxford Poetry, 1914-1916.

The three volumes of *Oxford Poetry*, 1914-1916, are now gathered into one cloth-bound volume (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net). The volumes for 1915 and 1916 have already been reviewed. The volume for 1914 deserves to be noticed now, though it is certainly the least attractive of the

three. That is to say, there is a distinct advance from year to year, and the advance is in responsibility. The war has deepened thought if it has deadened feeling. And yet this poem by Mr. Godfrey Elton of Balliol is from the 1914 volume.

THE NEW PROPHET.

Why should I write until the west grows dim
Soft verses running silkily like this?
I will be harsh and quick, remembering him
Who cried his warnings in the wilderness.

Hope is not caught upon a silver chord,
Nor love imprisoned in a rose's scent,
And shall I be the herald of the Lord
In low, monotonous threnodies of Lent?

The old days are ending. May their ending be
Some dreamlike vespers heavy with regret,
And I will shake them from me, and hold in fee
The stranger lands whereto my feet are set.

Oxford Poetry, 1917.

We have just said that the poetry written by Oxford men and women is steadily strengthening. The last in the volume of *Oxford Poetry*, 1917 (Blackwell; rs.), is by Mr. Leo Ward of Christ Church. It is called

THE LAST COMMUNION.

There is a time wherein eternity
Takes rest upon the world: King Charity
Bow'd to our fallen state: the God of Grace
Made visible upon a human face:—
When the deep harmony, the eternal Word,
The unfallen Wisdom (only love has heard!)
Touches the troubled body, bruised and hard
With the long fight, yet now set heavenward:—
When the deep argument of souls must cease,
Dying—to meet the victory of peace!

Earlier there is a poem, boldly called 'Humility,' which gives voice to the new demands made on the Church for a Christianity that will take in the happy warrior. The author is Mr. Gerald H. Crow of Hertford College.

HUMILITY.

Take counsel, O my friend, of your heart's pride,
And choose the proud thing away. Never heed
The 'wretched, rash, intruding fools' of the
world,

Nor take the half-truths that life brings old men
 For wisdom: nor the naked indecencies
 That purity-mongers have shamed children with
 For goodness: nor the silly hypocrisies
 Of mean men for humility. But say,
 'God is my Father. Christ was young, and died
 To comfort me. The towering archangels
 With all their blue and gold and steely mail
 Are my strong helpers and mine elder brothers.
 The sweet white virgins gone to martyrdom
 Calm-eyed and singing are my sisters.' Yea,
 Because of all these things keep your heart
 proud.

Be proud enough to serve the poor, too proud
 To attend the rich: enough to love, not hate,
 And give, not sell. Remember gentleness
 Is the heart's pride of understanding, truth
 Her greatness that will not be afraid for wrath
 Nor flatter favour. This remember also,
 The pure in heart shall walk like fierce white
 flames

Questing across the world in goodlier hope
 And knightlier courtesy than they of the Graal,
 For these are they in the end that shall see God.

G. O. Warren.

Here the war is never out of hearing and
 rarely free from horror. The poems in *Track-
 less Regions* (Blackwell; 3s. 6d. net) are strong
 and sometimes terrible; but they are poems.
 Of the poet's power there is never a doubt.
 What shall we quote? We shall quote the last
 poem of all—

SACRIFICE.

How long, O God, wilt Thou Thy secret keep
 From us who, groping up the cruel steep
 Of darkened bitter years,
 Still cry to Thee for light before we sleep?

Is it a war Thou wagest with some foe
 Beyond the power of mortal mind to know,
 And in Thy lonelier night
 Art Thou too toiling, as we toil below?

I dream that in Thy hidden battle-world
 Hang solemn bannered gleams of Hope un-
 furled—

And, slaying Death and Sin,
 Men's souls like quivering piteous spears are
 hurled.

If dreams be true, then may Thy Will be done
 In me, who, of that endless army one,
 Now give one life the more;
 Use it, O Lord, before my course be run.

Take up my loving will, yea, lift this blade
 Of trembling steel which in Thy forge was made,
 Fling it on Sin and Death:—
 Though broken, lost, I shall not be afraid.

Marion Pryce.

For once the war is not within hearing. The
 poems in the book, entitled *Linnets in the Slums*
 (Blackwell; 2s. net), are simple, natural, homelike.
 There is a clever description of a street in autumn,
 with

the rattle and spurt and boom
 Of traffic, and the merry dance of the leaves,
 The delicate whirling dance of the withered
 leaves,

The dance of the withered leaves in the open
 spaces,
 Wind impelled, around, around, around.

There is the song of the heaven above, where

I too would go;
 The long cool aisles to singing soft and slow,
 And in the shadows hide;

and the heaven below,

Of lawn and leaves and golden sun that pours
 Her light on these.

And there is this:

MY FRIEND.

My friend,
 What mystery
 Divides yourself from me?
 For I have found it true
 That if I laughing send
 A pointed dart at you,
 Surely it is myself
 It wounds, and unto me
 The cruel javelin flies,
 And it is *my* joy dies.
 And even while your hand
 Draws forth the poisoned wand,
 Your hurtful tenderness
 Upon the place does press,

And to your troubled eyes,
Where all the questions grow,
My wounded heart replies
That *you* have hurt me so.

M. C. Strachey.

The Hon. Mrs. M. C. Strachey's book entitled *Sketches in Verse* (Blackwell; 3s. net) attracts attention at once by the beauty of its binding and the excellence of its illustrations. For the most part the poems in it are descriptive; for, as Mr. Frederic Harrison informs us, the author has been a traveller and observant. Seeing much, she has taken time to see well. And she has creative imagination enough to make us see what she sees herself. It is not one of the descriptive poems, however, that we are about to quote. It is a translation of the Emperor Hadrian's Address to his Soul. Says Mr. Harrison: 'The translation of Hadrian's address to his soul is, I suppose, out of the 157 translations extant, one of the very few which strictly adheres to the *ipsisima verba* of the imperial Gallio.'

'Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes, comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula
Nec ut soles dabis jocos.'

Sweet wayward soul, playful and gay,
Comrade and guest of this poor clay,
Ah! where will now be thine abode?
All pallid, naked, cold, alone;
Thy wonted, happy jestings gone,

Henry L. Webb.

Mr. Webb has taken the story of Gilgamesh, as it is told in the Chaldean 'Epic of the Twelve Tablets,' and he has made of it a poem, a poem of man's restless wanderings and unfulfilled longings. He calls the book *The Everlasting Quest* (Macmillan; 4s. 6d. net). He is, of course, unhindered by scientific considerations. Boldly, but of right, he identifies Gilgamesh with Nimrod and Nimrod with Orion. And thus he binds the whole wide world with chains about the feet of God.

The interest of the poem is centred in the love of the goddess Ishtar for Gilgamesh. Gilgamesh

will have none of it. For the love of the gods was cold to the passion of the human heart. Listen to Gilgamesh singing:

Lovely and cold is night:
Cold, lovely, and might
Of the Builders who spanned from the moun-
tains a cavern of sky:
Who then is the warm, the true,
The soul of the earth, ever new?
The Gods gave cunning, indeed, of the ear and
the eye,
The Gods made lust, and fashioned it blind:
But man and his mate made Love and the
flower of Mind.

Fair the Immortals, but cold!
Mortality knows how cold
Are the ways that they follow—aye, even the
lamps of their home.
Intolerably serene
They move, but are never seen:
Only some echo, falling from their dome,
Warns us to seek each other's breast,
Love true, live hard: soon comes eternal rest.

Yet sometimes they will try
With phantoms of the sky
And calling waters to deceive the heart,
Mocking our ecstasies,
Our little loves, our sighs,
To promise a wilder sweet, a keener smart—
Hells, builded of breath on a glass,
And rainbow heavens—but they like bubbles
pass.

We strive, but strive alone;
And when our sun is gone,
No plummet falls to our untroubled deep:
Yet blindly, ere the end,
We cherish and defend
The round-eyed Morrow in its cradle-sleep;
From dawn to dawn its beauty grows: .
Love true; live hard: there are no laws but
those.

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